THE LIVING AGE

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for September, 1933

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

IN RESPONSE to the request of a subscriber the Editor devotes this month's essay in prophecy to the future of banking. Half his article describes the condition of various national currencies at the present time; the other half indicates the relationship between these currencies and the flow of goods which it is the function of currency to facilitate. He concludes, in the light of recent events, that orthodox finance has had its day. As we point out in 'The World Over,' the United States is being forced by circumstances to break completely with the past, one probable result of the break being that the bankers' power is bound to diminish because it is physically impossible for them to exercise their time-honored functions any more. The accuracy of this prediction will be measured by the extent of the banking and currency reforms that occur within the next year.

OFF and on for more than thirty years Paul Block has been the Paris correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and many of his dispatches have been translated in THE LIVING AGE. But with the change of régime in Germany, his newspaper was transformed from a liberal, Jewish-owned organ of international finance similar to the *New York Times* into just another Nazi daily. Herr Block's last dispatch, written after the new management had been established, contains a beautiful mixture of reminiscence, resignation, and hope.

J. L. GARVIN, the indomitably optimistic editor of the London *Observer*, goes into ecstasies over the British Government's decision to subsidize a new process for extracting oil from coal. And for once his hopes seem to rest on a substantial foundation, for if England can make herself independent of imported petroleum and at the same time revive her coal industry, the long years of post-war depression may at last come to an end.

NIKOLAUS BASSECHES, for thirteen years Moscow correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, describes the new foreign policy that Russia has adopted since Hitler came into power. From now on the Soviets plan to collaborate with France, Poland, and the Little Entente, for they seem to be convinced that Germany will become involved in war in the near future. No wonder they wish to dissociate themselves at once from the connection that Rathenau established at Genoa in 1922.

THE only offensive that Russia plans to launch on the rest of the world has to do with petroleum. An engineer with long experience in the country describes the increased oil production that has already been attained and says that by 1937 Russian oil will become a formidable factor on the world market. At the present rate of consumption the new reserves that are still being discovered may prove a life-saver to the world at large.

LUCIEN ROMIER, one of the wisest of French journalists, describes a recent conversation with a peasant. He tacks on a reassuring conclusion for the benefit of the conservative readers of *Le Temps* but devotes most of his space to emphasizing the liberal, anti-clerical Republican views that are almost universal in the French provinces. Here is none of the facility and superficiality of most French political articles. Here is a peep into the mind of the common man.

FIGURES published at the end of June reveal that the German birth-rate is falling rapidly, especially in the cities, and that the population of Berlin will decline

(*Continued on page 85*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

BRITISH press comments on the New Deal indicate that Mr. Roosevelt has committed himself to a much more radical policy than most Americans realize. There was a time when the moves of the new Administration could be construed either as attempts to preserve as much of capitalism as possible or as steps toward Socialism. That time is now past. If we accept the authority of the most property-conscious nation in the world, increasing government ownership is going to be the order of the day in the United States. On the one hand, the British Tories are attacking and ridiculing the New Deal and on the other the Laborites, Liberals, and even some Conservatives are demanding Rooseveltian policies in England. The immediate fear of the die-hards is that American inflation will achieve enough success to compel England to move in the same direction, and there are already rumors that Montagu Norman is fighting a losing battle to bring England back to gold. Francis Williams, financial editor of the *Daily Herald*, who has several scoops to his credit, comments as follows in this connection:—

> For practically the first time during his governorship of the Bank of England Mr. Montagu Norman is to-day faced with the revolt of a large section of influential City opinion. The opposition includes leading international bankers, directors of the great joint stock banks, and prominent Stock Exchange firms. They are profoundly disturbed by Mr. Norman's policy of tying the pound to the franc. They consider that this means, in effect, a precipitate return to the gold standard

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by Great Britain at a time when the United States expansion makes it essential that our currency remain free.

Mr. Williams points out that hitherto the British Treasury has followed Mr. Norman's advice but that influential bankers in the City are now urging the Government to break the link between the pound and the gold franc:—

> If the Government agrees with the City, a serious conflict seems certain, for Mr. Norman is determined to maintain the policy to which he tied himself during negotiations with M. Moret, Governor of the Bank of France, and other leaders of the gold-standard countries. Rather than agree to change his policy, it is even suggested in some quarters in the City that he may resign. That, however, is more supposition than anything, though, undoubtedly, Mr. Norman has taken up a position from which withdrawal would be difficult.

These intimations are based on a speech by Robert H. Brand, a managing director of Lazard Brothers, one of the most powerful international banking houses in London, who urged the necessity of a rise in prices and warned against tying the pound to any gold-standard currency as long as the dollar remained free.

MEANWHILE the *Saturday Review*, the most authentic mouthpiece of Tory opinion in the country, speaks of 'America riding for a fall' and says of Mr. Roosevelt, 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!' The President's policy at the World Economic Conference won him this comparison with Woodrow Wilson:—

> The present President is more truculent than President Wilson. He not only leaves the Conference in the lurch but kicks it downstairs. And why 'the big stick,' as the Americans call his gesture? The answer seems to be given by a sentence in a dispatch from the Washington correspondent of the *Times*. The President 'is first and foremost an adroit politician' and had his eye upon the Middle West. Yet another politician and there were so many who a few weeks ago acclaimed a statesman! So to all appearances the United States will be able to indulge in another glorious gamble that will end in a worse slump than ever. Anyhow, nobody supposes that the President has any idea what he means when he declares that 'the United States seeks the kind of dollar that a generation hence will have the same purchasing power and debt-paying power as the dollar value we hope to attain in the near future.' Abracadabra!

These strictures do not arise from anti-American sentiment; rather do they express the fear that the demand for a New Deal in England may become irresistible. As the Conservative *Week-end Review* points out,—

> President Roosevelt, in effect, is simply applying the methods of planning that were applied in all countries with comparative success, and in the face of far greater obstacles, when the War gave the community some lever over the selfish interests of particular groups. Unless the National Government soon gives a lead

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along these lines its popularity will wane, particularly if the American experiment begins to show results.

The more radical *New Statesman and Nation* goes further:—

> He [Roosevelt] will not allow the gold-standard countries, which refuse to adopt a sane policy in Europe, to obstruct his attempt to pursue a sane policy in the United States. He has made up his mind to do what all the powers have said they wanted to do; and the only question is whether Europe, and ourselves in particular, are going to follow him or whether we are going to allow our financiers to keep us in a depressed and deflated world in order to satisfy their thinly disguised hope that the failure of his experiment will prove the wisdom of their own orthodoxy. Cowardice is a bad guide in economics as in other things.

But unorthodox finance is only one part of the Roosevelt programme. Government interference in business, to a degree unheard-of in England, is another. The two together constitute, in British eyes, conclusive proof that America has abandoned private capitalism for good and all and has embarked on state planning regardless of where it may lead.

SHORTLY before the World Economic Conference closed, Finance Minister Bonnet of France made this statement: 'More than ever, on the morrow of the London Conference, the complete restoration of our finances is indispensable if we wish to maintain the stability of the franc. That is why I am actively engaged in preparing measures for the reëstablishing of a balanced budget.' Clearly written between the lines is the moral that if the budget is not balanced, the franc must go off the gold standard. What are the chances of a second inflation in France? As we point out in our leading article 'Money or Machines?,' the French budget deficit increased every year between 1929 and 1932 and some estimates for this year run as high as eight billion francs, as against eight and a half billion last year. The inability of the Government to dispose of its own bonds is the worst possible augury, and the state lottery to which it has had to resort is generally regarded as an admission of incompetence and weakness. Finally, uncertainty as to the future of the dollar and the pound creates further disturbance. Although Neville Chamberlain declared that the pound was not anchored to the franc, the truth is precisely the opposite,—this is not the first time that he has made a deliberately false public statement,—but the two currencies may not remain tied together, especially when the dollar resumes its decline and the demand for inflation in England increases. The best hope for a sound franc is the genuine business revival in France, and if this continues—unemployment has declined 25 per cent since March—confidence in the franc should return and the Government should again be able to market its securities. But if the business revival does not continue, the gold franc is doomed.

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ALTHOUGH advocates of Socialism from the time of Robert Owen have emphasized the necessity of state control of industry, their theories have recently been applied more to agriculture than to manufacturing. Russia is now more concerned with collectivized farms than with mechanized industries; Germany has been pouring half a billion marks a year into agricultural relief; the National Government in England has given Major Elliot's Agricultural Marketing Bill precedence over industrial or financial reforms; the rugged Hoover set up his Farm Board long before he created the R. F. C.; President Roosevelt put the Government behind an effort to raise the price of farm products before attempting to regulate industry; and now France is moving in the same direction. A year ago last July the price of wheat on the French market fell within a few days from 170 francs a quintal (3.67 bushels) to 95 francs and then steadied at about 110 francs. As this meant a loss to the farmer of between 15 and 20 francs a quintal, the Chamber voted 300,000,000 francs for agricultural relief and later the Herriot Government temporarily stabilized the price of wheat at 115 francs a quintal. But this was not enough and the Daladier Government has now established a National Wheat Bureau similar to our own Farm Relief Administration to fix prices and control production. A loan of 400,000,000 francs is to be raised from various sources, including the familiar processing tax, and tariffs are being laid on imported grain. Agrarian discontent in France has taken the form of wholesale resignations of provincial mayors and protest meetings, and it remains to be seen whether the present drastic measures, which run until July 15, 1934, will meet the emergency.

WITH German airplanes dropping pamphlets on Austria and staging fake raids on Berlin, the authorities and citizens of Paris are obsessed with fears of a surprise attack by air. Here is a typical warning, displayed in the window of a chemist's shop filled with gas-masks: 'In these troubled times you are at the mercy of aërial attack. German and Italian bombers may swoop at any moment from the clouds and pour asphyxiating gas on your peaceful city. Be prepared! Buy one of our masks! Made to measure—all prices.' Newspaper advertisements read: 'Take cover! Everyone should have his own gas-mask—160 francs. Makers to the Government.' A pamphlet was distributed on the Paris streets: 'Shall we have WAR? Buy a —— gas-mask. 100 francs.' A newspaper organized a competition 'for the best gas-mask.' Moving pictures show foreign air forces manœuvring with deadly precision against civilian populations.

The scare is not purely commercial. Paris is twice as thickly populated as London and it is surrounded by factories that are turning out war materials twenty-four hours of the day. Marshal Pétain has in his desk

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a detailed evacuation plan, but since he fears it may not work the public is being put through 'lights-out' exercises in the event of a possible night raid. The government maintains a staff of mysterious 'Z' officers to train civilians, and most factory owners are required to give their employees some instruction in self-protection. Here are signs not to be ignored of the character as well as the imminence of the next European War.

WHETHER Europe is about to enter upon a period of war and revolution or of peace and progress depends almost entirely on what happens inside Germany. Only if Hitler can abolish unemployment without antagonizing the industrialists and the *Junkers* on the one hand and the industrial workers and peasants on the other can the Third Reich endure and avoid disaster. What are the chances that he can accomplish that miracle and what will happen if he fails? There is always the possibility that Hitler might divide up the big landed estates and antagonize the *Junkers* but retain the support of the peasants, the industrial workers, and the big industralists and bankers. But he still keeps on good terms with the landed aristocracy. A correspondent of the *Week-end Review* describes spending a week-end with a large East Prussian landowner of whom he inquired whether Hitler had saved Germany from Communism. His host made this reply:—

> I think the Communist danger was on the whole a very slight one, but to me, you see, it is of no interest who burnt the Reichstag. I am interested only in the fact that the attempt succeeded. Of course, here in the country, near an industrial town, my position was an anxious one, for our place would have been very difficult to defend. I always slept with a revolver within reach, and had planned with my steward how we should dispose ourselves if attacked. At the beginning of the Nazi revolution, you know, the peasants round here (I'm on very good terms with them) came to me and showed me exactly how they had divided up my land among them. I thanked them for their pains, and said we must see about that. Since then I have been able to make friends with the new Nazi authorities, and I am pretty sure none but the most unsuccessful estates will be divided up. I like the new Nazi people. In these few months several drainage and improvement schemes that had been hanging about for years have gone through at once. Hitler can't really do anything for industry, but he can do a lot for me.

Walter Darré, Hugenberg's successor as Minister of Agriculture, has declared that 'no estate will be touched, no matter how big, if it is economically healthy and able to maintain itself by its own strength.' The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* commented in connection with this statement:—

> All fears that the Prussian *Junkers*, the great landed proprietors of Germany east of the Elbe who determined German policy under Bismarck and retained their power almost unbroken in the Weimar Republic, might be deprived of their

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estates or their power by the Hitlerist State seem to have been allayed by a significant statement of the Minister for Agriculture, Herr Darré, who invoked the special authority of Herr Hitler for his utterances.

And the London *Economist* remarked:—

The truth seems to be that Herr Hitler and Captain Göring have thrown in their lot with the big landowners and the big men of business, and are prepared to fight those of their own followers who protest. Junkerdom and capitalism are proving tougher than the *Deutsch-Nationalpartei*, just as German Catholicism is proving tougher than the *Zentrum*. The parties change, but the social forces remain what they were.

ACCEPTING the assurances not only of Hitler but of responsible foreign journalists with no axes to grind, we must conclude that the Nazi revolution is now complete. What results has it shown? Comparisons with the United States should be helpful at this point, for it is fair to assume that six months ago in both countries about two workers in five lacked jobs and that business activity had declined to about fifty per cent of normal. We know that in the United States production as computed by the *New York Times* had risen from 60 per cent of normal last March to over 90 per cent by August. Figures on reëmployment are less specific and less encouraging, but some three million men have returned to work since Roosevelt was inaugurated. Now, remembering that the New Deal cannot yet be called a proven success and that Germany has not known anything like normal conditions since 1914, let us see how the achievements of Hitler compare with those of Roosevelt. The Vereinigte Stahlwerke A. G.—the German equivalent of U. S. Steel—announces that for the nine months ending June 30 the domestic turnover of coke, pig iron, and steel was 10 per cent higher than during the corresponding period a year ago but that the value of exports in these three fields had declined between 4 and 5 per cent. Unemployment, however, has dropped more rapidly in Germany than in the United States, thanks largely to Government subsidies and voluntary labor battalions. The conclusion would seem to be that Germany, which needs a more rapid recovery than the United States, is actually not getting one and that Hitler will soon have to modify some of his present policies.

IN GERMANY, as in Spain and Russia, revolution has proved stronger than organized religion. The Protestant churches have now passed into Nazi control with the army chaplain, Pastor Müller, installed as primate of the Evangelical Church of the German Nation, and the Vatican has initialed a secret agreement with Von Papen which constitutes virtual surrender in the light of the persecutions to which Catholics, no less than Jews, have been subjected in the Third Reich. As the *Völkischer*

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Beobachter said, 'With none other than Adolf Hitler has the Vatican concluded this treaty at the moment when the Catholic Centre Party has disappeared from the political stage forever.' Although the Protestants outnumber the Catholics in Germany by two to one, the latter obtained a slightly more advantageous settlement. Even so, however, the Vatican came to terms with a Government that discriminates against Catholics in particular and religion in general. Here, for instance, is the way Herr Rust, Nazi Minister of Education for Prussia, defined his party's attitude toward religion for the benefit of the Protestant clergy:—

> Do not call God for witness, gentlemen, but call the people, for the people can be supervised, whereas your appeal to God cannot be supervised. I intend to be proved right before the tribunal of history, and it is not upon God that I call for witness. As things are now, I see the will of God made manifest in one thing only —in the living organism, in whose life and nature I, too, see God's finger, namely, the voice and will of my people. If we could assemble this people to-day I know it would come to us. It is upon this people that we call—let us leave God's name out of it.

Needless to say, Von Papen, himself a good Catholic, did not talk like that in Rome, and many Germans, both Catholic and Protestant, do not indorse Herr Rust's opinions. But the history of other revolutions indicates that the antireligious offensive in Germany is not a frivolous affair.

VIENNA remains the political as well as the geographic centre of Europe. Nineteen years ago the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia led to the World War. Seventeen years later the attempted Austro-German *Anschluss*, followed by the collapse of the Credit-Anstalt Bank, led to England's abandonment of the gold standard. It is therefore strictly according to Hoyle that the conflict between the Hitler régime in Berlin and the Dollfuss régime in Vienna should underlie the most serious war scare in Europe at the present time. Only the loans supplied by England, France, and Italy have kept the unpopular Dollfuss in power, for the temper of the people is desperate and the Nazis hold out the same promises in Austria that they did in Germany. Although the Socialists are the strongest anti-Nazi party in the country and received 40 per cent of the last popular vote, they are excluded from the present Roman Catholic Government. The immediate likelihood seems to be a Nazi *coup d'état* followed by foreign intervention. Austria has always been the weakest link in the chain of the Versailles system and the only question is how long foreign subsidies can postpone civil strife.

THREE struggles continue without abatement in Spain—the struggle over the Church, the struggle over the Republic, and the struggle over

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Socialism. Both the bourgeois Republicans and the proletarian Socialists oppose the Catholic Church, and since most Catholics are also Monarchists—President Zamora being a notable exception—the police do not interfere in the unequal street fights between Catholics and anticlericals. Well-dressed citizens get beaten up simply because they look like Monarchists, and when crowds threw stones through the windows of houses decorated with trappings to celebrate the Holy Day of the Sacred Heart, the Republican newspapers merely commented: 'The sovereign people gave the right answer to the immeasurable provocations of the Monarchists.' But when 'the sovereign people' demand Socialism the defenders of the bourgeois Republic whistle another tune. Largo Caballero, the Socialist Minister of Labor, threw a scare into his colleagues at home by attacking democratic institutions before the Spanish-American delegates to the International Labor Conference at Geneva. The collapse of the German Social Democrats has put all the left-wing parties in Spain on guard against 'reactionary Fascism,'—a German correspondent naïvely comments: 'That National Socialism has triumphed in Germany seems completely unknown,'—and growing indications of class struggle have alarmed the business men of Madrid.

RUSSIA'S new foreign policy, which Nikolaus Basseches attributes solely to the rise of Hitler, has also been linked up with domestic difficulties. Henry de Korab, special correspondent of *Le Matin*, writes from Warsaw that Russia is in the throes of famine:—

> At a time when the whole world is complaining of agricultural overproduction Russia is suffering from catastrophic scarcity. It is more alarming than the famine of 1921, since it cannot be attributed to the weather but simply to the government. It is certain that the collective farms have weakened the productive power of Russian agriculture. The results are terrifying. Thousands of people are dying of hunger every day. Whole villages are being depopulated. The reason is that collectivized land is being administered by an incapable bureaucracy and that the grain was either sowed badly or too late. Elsewhere the peasants, fearing that their harvests would be requisitioned, sowed so little grain that, after paying a minimum of taxes in kind that are seized from them by force, they can no longer feed their own families. For some months the bread in the Ukraine has contained bark and sweepings. The prospects for the autumn are hardly better, since not more than forty per cent of the fields were sown in the spring and they are so full of weeds that their yield will be very low.

He declares that the Kremlin fears above all else 'a catastrophe that would make foreign intervention inevitable' and is therefore subordinating its plans for world revolution to the necessity of saving the collective farms.

The same refrain also appears in *Je Suis Partout*, one of the most persistent Red-baiting publications in Paris. Like M. de Korab, *Je Suis*

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Partout draws its information not from Russia but from surrounding countries, White Russian *émigrés*, and hostile foreign groups. It quotes the *Reichspost* of Vienna as estimating the victims of the famine at ten million and repeats a story about cannibalism that appeared in *La Renaissance*, an *émigré* journal published in Paris. The German press emphasizes the plight of the German colonists on the Volga and says that 'brave and faithful Germans are going to succumb to hunger by the ten thousands.'

WITH Japanese army and navy estimates for next year 45 per cent higher than the appropriations for the current year and with the naval estimates exceeding by 30 per cent the previous record figures of 1921–2, it becomes increasingly clear that Japan's period of expansion has only begun. The 60 per cent depreciation of the yen has already led to a trade war against both England and India, the Japanese having doubled their purchases of American raw cotton and cut their Indian purchases in two as soon as the British raised the tariff on Japanese textile exports to India. But American cotton growers cannot count on Japan as a permanent customer. One result of the conquest of Manchuria is to be an attempt on the part of Japan to grow cotton in Jehol Province. The Russians have recently succeeded in raising cotton in the Ukraine, and, though a previous attempt to grow cotton in Shantung failed, the Japanese hope to do better in the light of Russian experience. Japan also hopes that half a million colonists from the northern part of the island can survive the climate of southern Manchuria and make Japan independent of foreign cotton. If these plans are even halfway successful, every Western nation that depends on cotton exports is going to encounter stiff competition within the next fifteen years. Not only is Japan now making good-quality textiles much cheaper than England; she is developing a complete national policy to enable these products to be sold. An organization known as the Great Asia League has the support of the country's military leaders and its chief aim is to exploit and increase the buying power of four hundred million Chinese.

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On the basis of recent events in five of the Great Powers, the editor of THE LIVING AGE argues that we now must choose between our financial system and our industrial plant because the two can no longer exist side by side.

Money *or* MACHINES?

By THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE

SHORTLY after Francis Delaisi's article, 'The Fight for Gold,' appeared in our June issue, one of our subscribers, Mr. Van Dusen Rickert of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, wrote to us as follows: 'The article in the June issue, "The Fight for Gold," is a wonder and should be read by everyone who is interested in our country. But there are many like myself who are at a loss as to the interpretation of it in relation to the future action of this country. What does it mean to the business man, the banker, the investor? If experts cannot agree about the requirements of the monetary system on important points, what is an ordinary mortal to do? I am wondering whether you will not be kind enough to interpret the article in terms of the proper actions for the time. A banker followed the predictions of THE LIVING AGE and saved himself. What should people do now—buy, sell, hoard? Will inflation impoverish this country in the long run? To make the implications of the article plain to your readers would be worth while, and I hope that you will do it.'

Let us quote from Francis Delaisi's closing paragraph and begin where he left off: 'For more than ten years the big monetary institutions have fought against each other to gain control of the whole apparatus of international exchange. They have ended by shattering it. The victor's prize has disappeared. The task of the forthcoming conference is to rebuild this apparatus.'

Now there is the view that the 'forthcoming conference'—recently adjourned—failed to perform its appointed task because one delegation happened to be stubborn, another ignorant, a third malicious, and so on.

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There is also the view that some nations would not make concessions that might jeopardize their foreign trade and that others would not make concessions that might jeopardize their domestic policies. Finally, there is the view which will be set forth here that the conference failed because the risks of success would have been too great—success, that is, in the task of 'rebuilding' the 'whole apparatus of international exchange.' For as far as the United States and several other countries are concerned, the events of the past few months have indicated that an entirely new 'apparatus of exchange'—national as well as international—must be devised and that a return to the old one would automatically lead to further revolutions and wars.

Consider the five Great Powers that have made most use of the 'apparatus of international exchange' described in M. Delaisi's article—France, England, Germany, Japan, and the United States. As we pointed out in 'The World Over' last month, all these nations emerged from the World Economic Conference adhering to different currency policies, no two of which could be reconciled. France alone remains completely faithful to the gold standard. Germany retains the standard but has lost all but 8 per cent of the gold behind her currency. England wants a stabilized $4 pound; America, an unstable 65¢ dollar. Japan has already let the yen sink to one-third of its par value and has rescued her exports, which, however, the English are seeking to destroy by abrogating the Indo-Japanese trade agreement. If, however, these conflicting currency policies merely reflected conflicting national interests, that would be no new thing under the sun. The novelty lies not in the international rivalry but in the domestic financial breakdown in each separate state—not in the collapse of 'the whole apparatus of international exchange,' but in the collapse of the separate national currencies that make international exchange possible.

Let me emphasize at the outset that most of the war-debt burden, internal as well as external, had been lifted before the London Conference assembled. In 1924 Germany wiped her internal war debts clean and her middle class out of existence by inflating the mark. In 1926 France wiped out 80 per cent of her internal debt by stabilizing the franc at 4¢. Last December England reduced the interest on her 5 per cent war loans to 3½ per cent, and a year before that cut the principal—and interest—30 per cent by abandoning the gold standard. The United States is contemplating a reduction of interest on some of the Liberty Bonds and has already devaluated by 35 per cent the dollars in which they are repaid. The Lausanne Conference wiped out reparations and inter-Allied debts, and the Allied debts to the United States are on their way off the slate too.

If the Japanese yen has sunk twice as low as the English pound although Japan did not participate actively in the War, if the dollar has depreciated on world markets while the franc remains the strongest currency in the world although France fought twice as long as America did, if unemployment is relatively more widespread in the United States than in Germany although Germany lost the War, some force unconnected with the War must be at work with varying intensity in

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various countries. A brief examination of the character and recent histories of these countries may, therefore, throw some light on the nature of this force.

II

Since 1926, when the franc was stabilized, France has been relatively free from the adversities that have afflicted England, Germany, Japan, and the United States. The depression did not arrive in France and employment did not begin to decline seriously until a year after the Wall Street crash had plunged the other nations into difficulties. And even the most pessimistic estimates of French unemployment in hostile English journals never came to more than a million and a half. Nor is the depression lasting longer in France than in other countries. Only last month in 'The World Over' we quoted figures showing that business activity in France had picked up during the first three months of 1933 compared with the same period in 1932.

The relative stability of French economic life, the relative absence of sharp rises and deep depressions, has often been attributed to the country's relative self-sufficiency—relative, that is, to such nations as Japan, Germany, and England. But if economic self-sufficiency guaranteed stability, the United States would be the most stable nation on earth, possessing as it does a greater variety and greater quantity of natural resources than any other national area. No. It is not the self-sufficiency of the French that makes them more successful than other nations in operating their country in accordance with orthodox financial principles; it is the character of their entire equipment—both agricultural and industrial—for the production of goods. The French are frequently ridiculed for their 'backwardness' in not adopting modern improvements, and the charge rests on the perfectly valid basis that France has less installed horse power per capita than either Germany or England, that its agriculture is in the hands of small individual landowners—in short, that it is the land of the artisan, the shopkeeper, the petty bourgeois, and the independent peasant. Whether it will retain this character for all time is another question, but that it has retained it up to now explains why its people still cling to a financial system that has broken down in more highly industrialized states.

But even in France the gold standard shows signs of weakening. Just as the United States poured money into Germany and South America to finance its export trade, so France extended credits to the Little Entente and Poland in order to finance the equipment of their armies at the hands of Schneider-Creusot. And just as the American Government has subsidized its agriculture through the Farm Board and its industries through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, so the French Government has maintained the price of wheat above the world level and has subsidized its shipping industry and its colonies. Similar policies in the two countries have produced results that are similar in kind if not in degree. Inflation has not yet become as popular in France as in the United States, but there is a growing demand for it and the French budget is as badly out of balance as the American. The national deficit

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amounted to 2,500,000,000 francs in 1930, to 5,500,000,000 in 1931, and to 8,500,000,000 francs in 1932, with 6,500,000,000 francs as the probable minimum for 1933. Most significant of all, the banks of the country recently refused to take up more than half of an internal bond issue of 10 billion francs sanctioned by the Chamber of Deputies. But until France actually abandons the gold standard or until popular uprisings similar to the farm strikes in America have appeared, it cannot be said that orthodox finance has broken down to the extent that it has in the other Great Powers.

Between the years 1920 and 1930, the British press maintained an unceasing and deliberate campaign of self-deprecation. Such wails went up from responsible quarters that well-to-do British and even American citizens used to donate millions of pounds a year to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Unemployment never fell below a million. Oil was displacing coal and foreign coal was driving out the English product. The textile and steel industries operated their pre-war plants in the pre-war way and British rayon, the only new product that was developed, is now being driven off world markets by cheaper artificial silk from Japan, English rayon exports having amounted to seven times as much as Japanese in 1928 and to less than one-third as much in 1932. Yet even in 1925, when England's one new industry was expanding, Sir Philip Gibbs wrote as follows under the heartrending title, 'Is England Done?'

'A frightful question, which one hesitates to put down in black and white. Yet it is being asked by thoughtful men and women in thousands of English homes after dinner, when the cigarettes are lighted, in quiet rooms. Worse still, it is being asked by foreigners who come over here on summer holidays—Americans mostly—with keen eyes, which draw rapid and perhaps false conclusions.'

But it was not until the Macmillan Report was published during the summer of 1931 that the fears of the cigarette-smoking Englishmen and the keen-eyed Americans were justified. And this Report revealed that every year since the War England had received more money in payment for goods, services, and loans than she had spent abroad herself for goods, services, and the settlement of debts. Not until 1931 did the tide begin to turn, and by that time even a National Government and an emergency budget could not keep the pound on the gold standard.

But the fears of that summer proved as premature as those of Sir Philip Gibbs in 1925. The National Government received a record majority, half the rest of the world followed England off gold, commodity prices fell with the pound, the British standard of living remained unscathed, the trade balance grew more favorable, and though unemployment has varied between two and three millions the poor old ramshackle British system is still able to support its jobless on a dole that is at least more ample than the bread lines that rich America is barely able to 'afford.'

Yet the premonitions of Sir Philip Gibbs have a more substantial foundation to-day than ever. England is now divided into two camps of almost equal strength and growing antagonism. On the one hand are the expansionists, headed by J. M. Keynes,

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who favor a policy of inflation similar to President Roosevelt's, and on the other are the orthodox financiers, headed by Montagu Norman. In a dispatch from London to the *New York Times* Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., writes: 'It is not only "radicals," in the American sense, who are urging that some part of the Rooseveltian programme be adopted by Britain. Financial London has not yet forgotten the heresy of Reginald M'Kenna, chairman of the great Midland Bank, when he denounced sterile economy and demanded a policy of long-term expenditure last winter. Nor have conservative Englishmen yet recovered from the shock of seeing the London *Times* urge a deliberately unbalanced budget and a concerted international programme of public works a few months ago. . . .

'Yet powerful forces are arrayed on the other side led by Montagu Norman and at the moment could defeat the "revivalists" in Commons, as they previously had done in the Cabinet.'

These words were written on July 14—and a year ago, as Mr. Kuhn suggests, such a dispatch would have been incredible. What I wish to suggest here is that the demand for inflation has grown in England—and in every other country—at approximately the same rate that industrialization has progressed. In the Second Massey Lecture, delivered before McGill University last April, Sir Arthur Salter made the point that output per worker in the principal group of industries had increased 11 per cent in Great Britain between the years 1924 and 1929, whereas the increase in the United States between the years 1920 and 1927 had amounted to 43 per cent. Has not the demand for inflation in the two countries increased in proportion to the increase in industrial output per worker? And will not England ultimately be forced to adopt expansionist policies by precisely the same forces that have driven America to inflation?

III

Events in Germany and Japan during the past few years indicate that rapid industrial expansion may lead to more serious consequences than mere expansion of currency and credit. Even granting that the post-war inflation ruined the German middle class and laid the basis of the Hitler movement, nine years elapsed between the inflation itself and Hitler's accession to power. And it was during the first four of these nine years that the Hitler movement made the least progress. For the inflation alone did not ruin the German middle class; on the contrary, the inflation was at once followed by a series of foreign loans, chiefly from the United States, which enabled the most highly industrialized nation in Europe to improve its equipment still further. Germany's plant not only can supply over sixty million Germans with every factory-made product they need; it is also capable of serving at least twice as many inhabitants of neighboring agricultural countries. Yet as soon as the foreign loans were withdrawn and the plant completed in its present form, unemployment began to increase at the rate of one million a year. For the mark had to be kept at par in order to repay the foreign borrowings, even though the consequent high production costs weak-

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ened Germany on foreign markets. Wage cuts reduced home consumption, and, since the middle class had already been ruined by inflation, almost the entire country finally demanded revolution.

The history of Japan since the War proves even more convincingly that industrial progress alone ruins any country that operates its system in accordance with the principles of 'sound finance.' Like Germany, Japan borrowed heavily from abroad and, like every other country that accumulates debt to finance industrial expansion, Japan discovered that the more debt it accumulated and the more it improved its productive machinery, the more rapidly unemployment increased and the more sharply the standard of living declined. Between 1914 and 1927 the capitalization of Japan's manufacturing industries increased from 833 million yen to 4,642 millions, and the value of its industrial output from 1,371 million yen to 6,947 millions. Starting in 1926 and giving employment that year the index figure of 100, the Central Bank of Japan began to chart the general average of employment in all the country's chief industries. By 1927 the index figure had fallen to 94.8 and by 1928 to 90.3. In the spinning industry the index of employment fell from 100 in 1926 to 82.2 in 1928. 'Yet,' says Seishi Idei in *The Unemployed Problem in Japan*, 'there has been no proportionate decrease either in the number of spindles or in production.'

Though Japan's population is growing at the rate of a million a year, the domestic market offers no solution, since buying power in terms of 'sound finance' is lacking. Some 70 per cent of Japan's inhabitants still make their living from the land, yet are unable to buy the goods produced by the remaining 30 per cent. If the land they tilled were as fertile as that of France and if most of the Japanese peasants owned the property they worked, their condition might, of course, be better than it is. But we have already seen that even in rich and self-sufficient France one danger to the franc arises from the need of French manufacturers to export goods that they cannot sell at home. Unable to find work for their people or markets for their goods, Japan and Germany have been driven to war and revolution. Japan has also had resort to an even more extreme inflation than the 50 per cent limit allowed to President Roosevelt, and last May the London *Statist* predicted that Germany could not maintain even the present fiction of a gold standard.

So much has been written about recent events in the United States that I am not going to add another line on that subject here. All I shall do is to point out that the American inflation is occurring in the most richly endowed and highly equipped country in the world and to suggest that if the precedents of Germany and Japan have any significance at all and if events in France and England continue to move in the same direction they have followed in recent months, the very least that the United States can anticipate is a currency inflated to the full 50 per cent limit fixed by Congress. Furthermore, the end of the present inflationary spree may not be a pleasant one. If Germany's rapid industrial progress, which was administered in accordance with the sound financial principles of American

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creditors, led to Hitler and the possibility of a second inflation, where will our own more rapid industrial progress, administered in accordance with the same principles, lead? Already we have inflation—will social unrest or war follow?

IV

Before attempting to answer these questions, as well as those suggested by Mr. Rickert, let me point out that the line of reasoning I have followed rests on a growing body of theory loosely known as the 'New Economics,' but actually dating back to Karl Marx and J. A. Hobson. In the face of a century of industrial progress culminating in the World War and in the face of the post-war period of increasing technical efficiency culminating in the World Depression, classical economists still deny Marx's teaching that as the rich get richer the poor get poorer. Yet Marx's contention that buying power in a capitalistic society can never equal the aggregate of prices has not only been confirmed by the events of the past century; more and more economists have come to share his view and to elaborate upon it in the light of recent experience. Before the War the British economist, J. A. Hobson, pointed out that cycles of boom and depression were unavoidable under capitalism because buying power never expanded as rapidly as productive power and that periodic 'overproduction'—as the present condition of widespread poverty is quaintly called—must result.

Major C. H. Douglas, an experienced engineer whose Social Credit theory has won supporters by the hundred thousand in Great Britain and the Dominions, argues in this issue the same case that Marx and Hobson outlined before him. Professor Frederick Soddy of Oxford, winner of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1921, goes back to energy as the source of all wealth, and he too may be found in this issue attacking Francis Hirst's new book on money in 'Books Abroad.' Bassett Jones, whose *Debt and Production* is mentioned in 'The Sciences and Society,' is another engineer who has brought his professional experience, including a solid grounding in the higher mathematics, to bear on the question of our debt structure, which he proves cannot be supported and must be revised—not, as Delaisi suggests, 'rebuilt'—in accordance with new principles. Fred Henderson, an English economist with engineering training, has linked up the currency question with our productive mechanism in two recently published books, *The Economic Consequences of Power Production* and *Money Power and Human Life.*

Whatever the differences between these men may be, they agree that our means of production operate at only a fraction of capacity under the existing system of distribution. Even so prudent a customer as Sir Arthur Salter in his speech already referred to says: 'We now have, for the first time in human history, all the material resources and the human skill needed to provide both the necessities and the comforts of life to the whole of the world's population; to support indeed a population several times as great at standards very much higher than any hitherto known; and to give to every man not only material wealth but the leisure and opportunity which he needs to realize the full potentialities

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of his nature and enjoy the full heritage of the civilization in which he lives.' And he adds later that 'mechanization is compelling, and will compel, profound changes in the whole structure of our society.'

The advocates of the New Economics are more explicit and concentrate their criticism on the present financial system. Professor Soddy in his new book, *Money and Man*, says: 'The existing plutocracy, or aristocracy of creditors, can only be a transitional stage between the old and the new. It is far less securely established than the old landed aristocracy, which it so ruthlessly displaced. For the world cannot permanently be kept in poverty in peace time, and allowed only fully to produce for destruction in war.' On the subject of money he has developed a virtual persecution complex: 'If Galileo and Copernicus had lived to-day, and had upset the theories of the authorities regarding the nature of money rather than of the universe, they would have had far more difficulty in getting their views impartially discussed than they had from the mediæval schoolmen and the courts of the Inquisition. Freedom of thought and discussion applies, as yet, only to the affairs of the mind and conscience, which affect directly no man's pocket. It does not yet apply to money. That is the Ark of the Covenant, the Holy of Holies of the Slave Civilization. Those in authority know well the danger. It might have consequences to humanity graver and more fundamental than freedom of belief. It might lead to economic freedom, the taproot of all freedom worth the name.' In conclusion he points out: 'Science is revolutionary, though scientific men are not, nor are revolutionaries scientific.'

Fred Henderson writes more specifically, and his definition of money in *Money Power and Human Life* goes to the root of the present discussion: 'Money, let it be emphasized, is simply the token of authorization to move goods; its essential function is to accredit its holder to make such movements; and under conditions of power production it is upon this movement of goods through exchange being kept effective and uninterrupted that both the production and distribution of the world's sustenance depends.' In *The Economic Consequences of Power Production* he makes the same point that I am trying to make here on the basis of recent events in five major nations: 'We have, I submit, come to one of those hours in human history when the facts of experience are implacable in leaving us no other alternative; an hour when the future of civilization depends upon our release from that inertia of the mind, upon our readiness to uncover and decide a fundamental issue.'

Lest I be suspected of quoting only the Devil and ignoring Scripture, let me now turn for a moment to some recent utterances by responsible defenders of the *status quo*. In 1930 the Federation of British Industries—a combine of leading industrialists, announced: 'We have reached the bottom of the trough.' Again, in May 1931, the same dogged organization insisted, 'The worst of the slump is over.'

On the other hand, Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, frankly confessed last fall his impotence and ignorance: 'For most

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of us, "One step enough for me." That is as far as, on the whole, I can see. The difficulties are so vast, the forces so unlimited, so novel, and precedents are so lacking, that I approach this whole subject not only in ignorance but in humility. It is too great for me.' And finally on November 18, 1932, speaking before the Academy of Political Science, Thomas W. Lamont concluded an address on banking reform with these words: 'Remember this, my friends: among all the alarums and excursions of the last twelvemonth we have never been near the point of abandoning the gold standard. Nothing can or will drive us from that standard. A Democratic administration, just like the steadfast Republican one before it, will continue to uphold the complete integrity of it. Make no mistake: in a dark and troublous world America and the American dollar are, as to material factors, the safest things in all the world to tie to.'

The contrast between the New Economics and the old is made all the more pointed by the fact that two months after this prediction, Howard Scott, leader of the Technocracy movement, told the American public over a nation-wide radio hook-up: 'Attempts to balance our budgets, to reduce expenses on a downward curve, simply mean less employment than before, with resulting decrease in purchasing power, so that we are finally compelled to such devices as debt moratoriums, debt holidays, inflation, and a free-for-all race as to who can create debt the fastest.'

Up to now I have raised more questions than I have answered, but they had to be raised before M. Rickert's points could be discussed. I shall not, therefore, pause long over the future of the franc, the pound, the mark, and the yen, although they all had to be taken into consideration to indicate what the future of the dollar might be. This much, however, must be said. If France does not go off gold, if England does not depreciate the pound and undertake a project of national spending, if Germany does not embark on a second inflation, and if Japan does not keep the yen at its present advantage over the pound and the dollar, each separate country will have to support an intolerable debt burden on the one hand and lose, on the other, foreign markets that are vitally necessary besides suffering a steady decline in domestic purchasing power as a result of stringent 'economies.' And, as I see it,—for this is merely one man's prognosis,—the United States must continue its inflation, too, proceeding less rapidly than Germany or Japan, more rapidly than France or England.

V

The best hope that I can see now—and it is an enormous one—is that the United States seems to be developing an understanding of the cause of its difficulties. Bassett Jones's new book is the best recent augury and indicates that we may be able to find a reasonable solution without being driven to the extreme of revolution or war in the near future. After the dollar has been inflated to the legal limit—and perhaps beyond—after some new kind of 'commodity dollar' toward which the Administration seems to be vaguely drifting has been established, it might be possible to set up the 'new or reorganized debt structure' which, in

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the words of Mr. Jones, 'must have the following characteristics:—

'1. The quantity of debt at any time must have a one-to-one relation to the volume of production at that time.

'2. The payment to debt at any time must have a one-to-one relation to the growth of production at that time.

'As a corollary it may be written that no debt can be incurred that cannot be paid back within the obsolescence period, or the use period, of the goods produced through the use of the incurred debt, whether these be capital goods or consumers' goods.'

Compare this definition of a sound debt structure with the procedure of J. P. Morgan as he described it before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee on May 23, 1933:—

'Mr. Morgan,' asked Senator Fletcher, 'I understand that your house does not regard it as unethical or improper or questionable in any way to make loans to officers of national and other banks.'

'Certainly not,' Mr. Morgan said. 'We do not regard it as improper at all. And why should we? We do make these loans, and we make them because we believe the people should have the money, that we should loan money if these gentlemen want it. They are friends of ours, and we know that they are good, sound, straight fellows.'

Let me make myself quite clear. This is not quoted as an aspersion on any 'good, sound straight fellows,' of whom Charles E. Mitchell turned out to be one, or as a reflection on the ethics of the Morgan firm. I am merely suggesting that the procedure outlined by the foremost banker in the country be compared with the procedure outlined by Mr. Jones and that the reader ask himself whether committing one's debt structure to a banker is not like committing one's sixteen-cylinder automobile to a blacksmith. As Professor Soddy has written, 'The whip and spur, the bit and reins are being used to drive what, from being a stage coach, has evolved into a motor-car.'

And now for Mr. Rickert's questions. What has happened since 'The Fight for Gold' was written—and it appeared in France before America had gone off the gold standard—would seem to indicate that the future will be kindest to the American business man, less kind to the American investor, and least kind of all to the banker. For most business men perform functions that are useful to society, and there are so many investors that the Government is likely to make some effort to protect their interests. But the bankers are not only less useful—to put it mildly—than the business men; they are less numerous than the investors. As for 'what should people do now—buy, sell, hoard,' it is impossible to prophesy a month ahead of publication date, but since the trend seems to be toward further inflation, the time-honored procedure would be to go in debt and repay the 65¢ dollar of to-day with the 50¢ dollar of to-morrow. The immediate consequences of inflation have always been unpleasant and I do not see how America can be an exception to the rule. Nevertheless, inflation need not 'impoverish' the country and may, on the contrary, remind us once again of the real wealth we can produce.

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Here are half a dozen shorter articles ranging from Paris to petroleum and from population trends in Germany to Soviet Russia's future foreign policy.

Topics *of the* TIMES

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. FAREWELL TO FRANCE

By PAUL BLOCK

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National Socialist Daily

[*In this backward glance Paul Block takes leave of Paris in order to return to his native land. Since 1899 he has been on the staff of our paper; since the World War as our correspondent in Paris. In this exposed post, which in the past years has required an exceptional amount of human tact and political understanding, he has won the friendship and high esteem of all. In this backward glance Paul Block also takes leave of the work that he has performed up to now. He is seventy-one years of age and it is only right that his wish to be released from his responsible post should be respected. With undiminished vital energy he will now return to those intellectual, cultural, and journalistic interests from which his newspaper career arose and to which he has always remained devoted. If, therefore, Paul Block's article signifies a double farewell, we are happy to say that it is not a farewell to us or to our readers.*—EDITOR OF THE *Berliner Tageblatt*.]

AFTER thirteen years' work in the Paris of the deceptive Versailles peace, my native land is calling, 'Come rest yourself. And, if you have no desire to rest, there is plenty to be done at home by men who love Germany.'

I feel it. Whoever has been so long abroad is homesick for Germany, even now, when the heart is somewhat sad. For I must say farewell to this city of Paris which I loved when the world was still happy and which I shall always love, even in this world of

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confusion. Whatever you gave me, Paris, whether it was pleasure or pain, will be recast by the silent flame of memory into good fortune, that jewel which still glows even when it has disappeared.

I was sent to this city for the first time by the *Berliner Tageblatt* in the year 1900, and the world on both sides of the Seine seemed like an exposition of luxurious wealth and amazing inventions. Every country displayed its treasures. The Alexander Bridge was christened in honor of the friendship with Russia, and in the taproom of the Deutsches Haus Marshal von Waldersee sat down with the German journalists who had accompanied the Great Elector from Bremen and told them something of the necessity of a German world policy.

Six years later, at the time of my second and longer visit, Germany had become greater and more powerful. But behind the glittering splendor of the Kaiser dark clouds were already gathering on the distant horizon. On the day when the *Panther* arrived at Agadir in July 1911, a few Frenchmen and Germans were breakfasting in the home of a prominent Austrian physician. I showed them a dispatch that had reached me early in the morning from a confidential agent in Tangier announcing the arrival of the German gunboat in the Moroccan harbor. Our host, usually a cheerful man, passed his hand over his eyes. 'I see red. Hate has now come into the world.' His prophecy was premature. At that time Joseph Caillaux kept the worst from happening, a courageous deed for which the France of Clemenceau later gave him small thanks.

But even the strongest will cannot check the logic of development. When I again set foot on the soil of France, in 1919 at Versailles, the old world had gone down in blood. At the bottom lay Germany, broken and shackled. Paris, for many Germans a city of brilliant pleasures and rich memories, now seemed to the unfortunate German people like a diplomatic fortress, blocking every new development on the part of Germany with dark threats. Poisonous clouds of distrust and hatred separated peoples who were clamoring for peace. All that happened between 1920 and 1933—all the hopes and deceptions, all the obsessions of the victors and the indescribable distress of Germany, all the delusions and insolence, culminating in a universal twilight of tortured understanding—all this was written down by us chroniclers of this period for the papers that we served. And not all the readers of the daily news noticed that sometimes a few drops of our hearts' blood were mixed with the ink from our fountain pens.

But I shall not speak of that to-day. It is past. The young world is fighting for a newer, better time. Whoever looks back further hopes that what was good will not also be destroyed in this struggle simply because it was different. And it is consoling to remember that what is good returns. Even the wildest storm cannot last forever. The memory of all that Paris has gone through in the last twenty-five years, what I myself have seen with my own eyes and have experienced in closest contact with men of good and bad will renders this conviction unshakable.

In the last few days I have once again visited the places in Paris that are dearest to me. I have gratefully shaken hands with the men who have

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offered me their friendship and confidence. I have sat down on benches in many streets to fix for the last time in my eyes and heart the gay, delightful, impetuous life of the people of Paris. And I have wonderingly asked myself, 'Was it then not always so? Has not the mode of life of this people remained unchanged despite war and victory? Have they not gone through much that we must now go through? And should it not be a reminder and an inspiration to us to see a strong people emerging better, purer, and freer from inner conflicts that have been both fierce and painful?' How small greatness and error seem after a quarter of a century!

A few days ago there was celebrated in the Pantheon the twenty-fifth anniversary of the day on which Émile Zola's earthly remains were brought to the Hall of Immortals. On the evening of June 3, 1908, I stood by his grave in the Montmartre cemetery when his coffin was raised from the tomb, and with a few German colleagues I followed the hearse through the streets until it came to the Pantheon. Or rather we tried to follow the hearse, for the astute police prefect, Lépine, had arranged matters differently, because Zola's enemies had sworn to drag the coffin from the hearse and throw his bones into the Seine. The hearse therefore took an unexpected route and the streets were barred to the automobiles of the pursuing journalists. When the hearse reached the Pantheon a mob of many thousand people howled, 'Down with Clemenceau! Into the Seine with Zola!' The window of our automobile was smashed to bits. A rage that seemed uncontrollable howled to the high heavens. To-day all that is forgotten, including Émile Zola himself. The commemorative service in the Pantheon went almost unnoticed. If a *Camelot* of the Action Française had cried, 'Into the Seine with Zola,' he would have been laughed at. Even the anti-Semitic movement, which to-day gives the French occasion for bitter protests against Germany, shook Paris itself in the years of the Dreyfus affair.

II

Fortunately there are also more cheerful memories. After the historic tragedy comes a little satyric drama —Marlene Dietrich's trousers. What a rumpus over a star in men's clothes, as if it were really something completely new and unheard-of. Twenty years ago, however, a lady in Paris society went through the streets in a man's coat and trousers, sat under the trees in the Champs-Élysées in a silk suit, and appeared in the theatre in dress clothes without causing a sensation. At the very most an eavesdropping neighbor who heard this woman discussing archæological investigations as other women discuss the latest styles might have been surprised, but there was really nothing to be surprised at, for the woman in men's clothes was the wife of the learned scholar, Dieulafoy, and had been her husband's assistant on his journeys through the desert. Incidentally, it is an error to suppose that Police Prefect Chiappe issued a decree compelling Marlene Dietrich to don women's clothing again. The high authorities do not take petty human affairs so seriously in Paris, and for everyone except Philistines this admirable indifference is one of the charms of Paris life.

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But one need not for this reason speak of French wantonness and immorality, as many people do who think they are being good Germans if they criticize everything French. Since Reichsminister Göring himself has expressed the wish that the people of Germany and France should learn to understand one another better, it is to be hoped that it is not a crime for a German citizen to repeat this truth. Whoever visits the exhibit of Paris life from 1870 to 1900 which is now being held in the Pavillon de Marsan will recognize between laughter and tears that the French are to-day more bourgeois and more simple than they were in the first thirty years of the Third Republic. And their family traditions have also remained pretty much unchanged. The father or mother still takes the children to school and waits for them by the gate at noon in order to bring them home again. In spite of religious freedom, confirmation is still a big family event, and I know a freethinker who writes and talks against the Church but who keeps in his study a photograph of himself as a boy, standing dutifully in his little jacket, a white band around his arm and a big candle in his hand. Even outdoor wedding parties in the Bois de Boulogne are still customary to-day, although big automobiles are now used and not the decorated, horse-drawn carriages of former days. *Tempora mutantur*, times change, that is an old story, *et nos*—but no, that is not true. We remain basically the same even though the famous proverb would have it otherwise.

Is it then already twenty-five years since I reported the first official flight of the French airship, *Patrie*, which went from Meudon to the President's stand on the Longchamps race course? At that time such a flight was a sensation, but the French, contrary to their usual custom, did not make much of it. In any event, an accident soon destroyed the *Patrie*, and to-day German Zeppelins fly from the Lake of Constance to America as if there were nothing unusual about it. Nobody in Paris thinks of the *Patrie* any more. When I asked my taxicab driver about the *Patrie* one Sunday near the grandstand at Longchamps, he answered, 'That horse is n't running to-day.'

Nor can I get it through my head that the Huissier Gicquel who presides over the press gallery of the Chamber of Deputies is the son of the Huissier Gicquel who, eight years ago, greeted the first German journalists to be received in the Palais Bourbon after the War. The elder Gicquel is dead. His son bears the silver chain, which seems to be part of the family tradition, and it was nice of him to take leave of me with an '*Auf Wiedersehen*.' But we shall never meet again.

A small personal recollection binds me even to the latest political sensation, the conflict with Austria. In 1914, when the French were crying, '*À Berlin!*' on the big boulevards, the Café Spiess on the corner of the Boulevard Montmartre was wrecked as a first sacrifice to the popular excitement because its owner was rumored to have been a valet of the vanished Archduke, Johann Orth, and Austria was at that time allied with Germany. The waiter who served me at my last breakfast in that café a few years before the War is to-day *maître d'hôtel* in the Parisian restaurant, 'Au Danube Bleu,' and though recently

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the Austrians and the Germans have not gotten on well together he has comfortingly assured me, 'We two remain the same.'

We remain the same. Dare I say that to Paris now that I am returning home? To-day I sit once more on a terrace and gaze at the dark-green bank of the Seine rising softly in the distance. *Parva sed apta* is written over a near-by doorway—a good motto for all the countries at the London Conference who wish to put their houses in order. Even in the halls of the Palais Royal I turn once again to take proper farewell of Rodin's naked Victor Hugo and of the inspired orator, Camille Desmoulins. This quiet garden of Parisian history will soon open on the Place du Louvre. Thank God I shall not be there to see it, for then dreaming would come to an end. But it is well that all dreaming should come to an end, even in Paris, for otherwise these memories might increase inordinately, and the most beautiful must ever remain silent in the heart.

Farewell, old Paris. Welcome, young Germany. It is time to go home.

II. Oil from Coal

By J. L. Garvin

From *The Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Paper

On July 17, in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister made one of the most encouraging announcements since the War. It deserves the uncommon attention of every intelligent man and woman. For reasons to be given presently, we believe it will be remembered in the long run as a historic link between science and statesmanship. Before dwelling on the origins and the further-reaching significance of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's statement, let us explain its immediate meaning.

By comparison with the imported products now consumed in vast quantities, a substantial preference is conceded to producers of petrol derived from British coal. Any person or concern, by undertaking enterprise in that sense, will be free to share in the benefit. The preference amounts to at least fourpence a gallon. On that basis the term of the guarantee will be ten years, running from the next budget. This is what is desirable. If the length of the guarantee should be shortened, for unexpected reasons, the amount of the preference will rise in proportion.

The Prime Minister's announcement must be looked at in two ways. On the one hand, it ensures the practical start of a great experiment. On the other hand, it introduces into national policy a method which in our conviction is bound to have extending influence and to reach very memorable results. No abracadabra has been breathed. No magic key has been found. That is not how these things are done. By comparison with the vista of possibility that is opened this is but the day of beginnings.

But they are definite and assured beginnings. Every epoch-making development in the annals of scientific technique applied to commercial en-

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terprise has started in the same manner. The oak lies hidden in the acorn.

II

Again the nation is indebted to private enterprise. Most is owing in this country to Imperial Chemical Industries and to the vigor of its chairman, Sir Harry McGowan, though we must not forget to pay our tribute to the genius of instinct and foresight possessed by the late Lord Melchett. Upon research at its own cost this powerful company has spent in the last few years over £1,000,000 sterling. This courageous expenditure, and the lessons won by investigation and experiment, completely justify the decision of the Government to bring commercial application into play.

Imperial Chemical Industries have operated a small plant with success. They are now going to create at Billingham-on-Tees the equipment for large-scale production. Its cost will be several millions. The whole of that money, spent on construction and installation, will go to the direct and indirect advantage of employment. A better example of faith with 'works' need not be desired. It will be felt throughout the whole country as a stimulus to the spirit of enterprise in other directions.

The Prime Minister gave some figures regarding the Billingham project, and they have been supplemented by an expert contributor to *The Times* who has rendered a public service by the grip and lucidity of his expositions.

The constructional work, to be completed in a year and a half, will give employment to about 12,000 persons. This can seem small only to small persons. A button or switch is minute by comparison with the ponderous machinery it may set in motion. The national movement for the conversion of British coal into petrol and other forms will go forward. It will spread. After the decade and more of public slackness on this subject, it will make, before another decade is out, a large difference for the better in British economic conditions as a whole.

We repeat that the country is only starting on a big and far-ranging adventure. What is the pace of the start? It is estimated with confidence by the scientists and technicians concerned that the Billingham scheme will produce from the outset, as the Prime Minister says, about 100,000 tons of motor spirit a year. That means about 30,000,000 gallons.

Here the pessimists, who hate all preferences and adore the memory of 'free imports at any price,' raise their wail. This home-produced quantity, they cry, will be less than one-thirtieth part of the nation's total consumption of imported oil, which amounts to a volume of about 1,100,000,000 gallons. This kind of objection is despicable. It ignores the initial condition of all development. It would ban all progress. It involves the whole argument between those who believe in an inescapable modern doctrine of dynamic economics and those who cling to the ancient dogmas of static or passive economics. How can full growth develop otherwise than from the germ or the seed?

The larger the output the lower the cost. That is the dominating law of modern business. If the great Billingham experiment succeeds in the next

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few years, the result will be—just as has been seen in the motor trades—the extension of operations and the cheapening of the product.

More and more, modern science must lead industrial practice. Nothing is more valuable than the conspicuous recognition of that truth by the National Government. It is hard for ordinary persons to understand what they owe to the scientists and to their intense, devoted concentration on labors of which the world for a long time may know nothing.

III

'Hydrogenation' sounds and looks like a portentous word, but it has a plain meaning, and derives, like most considerable things, from the efforts of one human life—in this case that of a German thinker, Dr. Bergius, who is now in London as a member of the World Petroleum Congress. Dr. Dunstan paid tribute to him as 'the artist, the visionary, the man of imagination who could see that solid coal could only obtain its maximum use when fluidified.' More than twenty years ago Dr. Bergius began to wonder about coal and oil—whether the chemical affinity between them, despite the difference of their external consistency, might not enable strange mutations to be brought about. Both coal and oil are composed mainly of the same elements mingled in different proportions. Oil contains more hydrogen; coal less. Then, by a saturating addition, might it not be possible to change crude coal by refined liquefaction into motor spirit or into heavier oils?

So Dr. Bergius conceived. In faith of that vision he labored thro[illegible] years, despite the difficulties besetting every inventor. Especially the incredulities of those who through ignorance or temperament are prone to believe that, whatever wonders may have happened in the past, no new thing can come. Like the stout British admirals trained in wooden walls who resisted iron ships because any fool could see that they must sink to the bottom. The miracle that occurred when Elisha's axe head fell into the stream, and 'the iron did swim,' would have to be exceeded a millionfold to save the metallic British navy that the madmen wished to launch. The majority of mankind are the slaves of accustomed assumptions, and our Socialists just as much as the rest or rather more than the rest. In spite of this type of mind, Dr. Bergius worked on and at last proved feasible that conversion of coal into oil which seems likely to prove for the coming world one of the powerful miracles of applied science.

Note that there is no narrow nationalism about the Prime Minister's announcement. A preferential method in each country is the only possible way of enabling large-scale experiment to be carried out. Germany would do it to a certainty if we did not. At present, great concerns in several countries, notably Germany and the United States, are associated. In the spirit of sane science they will exchange information.

It must not be forgotten for a moment that beside the hydrogen process to be put into swing at Billingham there are other methods. Our own Fuel Research Station at Greenwich is carrying one of them far, from a scientific point of view. That prin-

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ciple is already applied with effect by the Low Temperature Carbonization Company at Askern.

On this latter method smokeless coke is the staple with the promise in addition of a strong collateral contribution to the home production of motor spirit. As smokeless civilization—and, in this country, above all, a final redemption from the dirt and dinginess and fog of the age of crude coal—that is a purpose which combines almost uniquely social, economic, and artistic ideals. The new road before us is a long one, but it is a highway straight and broad. Up to two years ago Britain was counted 'down and out' by the world's general opinion. To-day the more pleasant danger is that the delegates to the World Economic Conference may carry away from the sight of London and from the vigorous steadiness of British ways an exaggerated notion of our strength and prosperity. National Government has made that difference and will make a greater difference yet.

III. Conversation with a Peasant

By Lucien Romier

Translated from *Le Temps*, Paris Semiofficial Daily

I WAS walking through the vineyard enjoying the cool of the evening after a day during which the sun had ripened the fields. I heard someone call my name and, turning around, perceived my old childhood friend, François, hurrying toward me. He had spent the afternoon spraying his vines. He looked like a bronze figure covered with verdigris, a bronze figure dating back to some splendid epoch, with his finely shaped legs, his slender torso, his sensitive, attentive face, and his eyes in which malice and honesty disputed for mastery.

François is one of the best wine-growers in the country. He has some education, knows how to read his newspaper between the lines, and even does a little writing himself for a bulletin published by the group of wounded war veterans of which he is the president. He looks down passionately, look[illegible] on anyone who does not possess a vineyard, and respects everything that has to do with his condition as peasant, of which he is proud. Because of the services he has performed and because of his authority among his former comrades in arms, he was frequently offered a political opening. But he always refused, though he does not hide his opinions. Like his father before him, he is a convinced Radical Socialist and anti-clerical. Moreover, he is the very opposite of an imbecile.

I thought his haste meant that he had something important to tell me and I asked him what it was.

'No,' he said, 'nothing serious, but we don't see you every day. I should simply like to ask what you know about the financial situation.'

'You know as much about it as I do,' I replied. 'The choice is a simple one: either balance the budget before the end of the year or expose the franc to another adventure.'

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'Agreed. But how do you people in Paris hope to balance the budget?'

'Let us leave the details to the ingenuity of the budget minister and his officials. Probably they will present the usual prospect of imaginary economies in order to conceal a very real increase in taxes. Fundamentally, the most parliamentary method of economizing consists of taking away from citizens in taxation what is given to them in the form of subsidies, pensions, or increased salaries. Democracy sometimes resigns itself to paying more taxes, but it never resigns itself to receiving less money from the government.'

'Who will vote for the new economies and the new taxes?'

Here we had come to the heart of the real question. His eyes shone with curiosity. He had only talked about finance in order to bring up the subject of politics.

'Let me ask you something,' I said. 'Answer me frankly. Are you resolutely opposed to a new decline of the franc?'

He did not hesitate a second. 'Yes, we have been robbed enough. That's sufficient.'

'Ah. And you think that your friends, your fellow wine-growers, your former comrades in arms, your political partisans are as determined?'

'I am sure of it.'

'But you realize that many people want inflation? There are business men, even farmers, and, of course, the politicians.'

'I do not believe there are many of them. Perhaps in the cities. But in the country nobody wants bad money, and the country districts can make themselves obeyed whenever they wish.'

'It seems to me that you exaggerate, but never mind. Under these conditions the alternatives are simple. In order to balance the budget and protect the franc we must either have a government of national union that exposes all parties concerned to the risks of election or else a government that is given full power and that eliminates these risks.'

'We favor a government with full power. Except for the priest, the notary, and a few property-holders you will not find anybody here in favor of national union.' I made a gesture of surprise but he continued very calmly: 'National union means the right-wing parties. You know that perfectly well. We do not want them. Moreover, they would come in power too long after the damage had been done and would be able to accomplish nothing. They would let sleeping dogs lie and not correct any abuses. They would bargain with everybody, yield to everybody, and deceive everybody. We want sweeping reforms carried out at once by sound Republicans.'

'No doubt you mean radical economic and financial policies?'

'Why not? We can do as well as Mussolini, Hitler, or Roosevelt, but within the Republican framework.'

He looked at me to see if I made a sign of protest, but I let only my doubt appear and replied, 'The Republicans are too much divided among themselves to run the risk of that kind of enterprise. Moreover, you forget that there must be an iron discipline of well-organized squads and a certain love of struggle for its own sake. In spite of the regard I have for the members of your party, I do not see them dressed in heroic

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garb, refusing the pleasures of life. Really, François, do you think that this can happen?'

'It will happen sooner than the National Union,' he replied with a touch of aggressiveness.

'You think so seriously? But I perceive nothing but disputes and mediocre rivalries among your chiefs and among the lieutenants of your chiefs.'

'That's what you see at Paris. Don't worry. When the time comes we'll clean house. We in the provinces know what we want, and I assure you that once the signal is given there will not be many people hesitating in our ranks.'

'So you want revolution?'

'No, not revolution, but the Republican fist, decision, justice, sanctions.'

'And I suppose you will begin by reëstablishing discipline and good feeling among the Socialists?'

He began to laugh. He belongs to a family of 'Reds' who have not changed their colors in a century and who are not intimidated by the Messianism of Marx. 'The Socialists embarrass us to-day, but they will not embarrass us to-morrow. When we swing into action we shall capture back from them the troops that they have taken away from us. Who have they got behind them? City workers who are not adherents of Communism, officials, petty bourgeois, and discontented peasants. When the Radicals act you will see the petty bourgeois and the peasants returning to the fold. The officials, too. I know the Socialists. There are more job-hunters than fighters among them.'

I looked at a cloud that glowed red near the setting sun. 'How are your children?' I asked.

He looked timid. 'All right. My eldest daughter is getting married. She asked me to invite you.'

'To the town hall or to the church?'

'To both if you can.'

'So you haven't eaten the priest yet?'

'Not before the marriage, and, besides, you know he's getting a little old. There are better things to sink one's teeth into.'

IV. Births and Deaths in Germany

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin National Socialist Daily

THE census of June 16 did not contain any great surprises. The population of Germany had increased again, having risen to 66,100,000 including the Saar Valley. Compared with the last census, this means a growth of about 2,700,000 inhabitants. But these totals do not indicate what is really happening to the German population. The important thing for the continued development of any country is how many children must be born if it is to maintain a constant population or grow. According to the estimates of Director Burgdörfer of the Reich Statistical Office, 3.4 children must be born to every married couple if the population is to remain constant. But the average birth-rate in the Reich is far below this figure. We now have an average of 2.7 children per couple, and Berlin shows the lowest number of all—.93 child per marriage. In other words,

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childless marriage has become almost the rule in Berlin.

The 1933 census will be the last to show a considerable increase in the population. Assuming that the birth-rate does not decline again, there will be a period of stagnation from now on. Between now and 1945 the population of the country cannot rise to more than 106 per cent of the present figure. It will then gradually decline and sink to about 80 per cent of the 1933 figure by the end of the century.

Statistical reckonings of future eventualities will be instructive to later generations, but our own day is more interested in what the immediate future holds. Here we must recognize how sharply the German birth-rate has declined since the last century. We have statistics on births running back to 1841, almost a hundred years ago. At that time 33,600,000 people lived within the borders of the present Reich. The average number of births per year was 1,230,000, or 37 per thousand of population. At the turn of the century a population of 58,600,000 inhabitants was bringing forth two million children a year. By 1930 the population had increased to 64 millions, but births had dropped to 1,100,000. In 1932 the number of births fell below the million mark for the first time in over a century, for in that year only 975,000 people were born.

Until the turn of the century the number of births per thousand of population remained relatively stable, amounting to 36 births per thousand in 1900. But by 1932 this figure had fallen to 15 per thousand. At the turn of the century every third woman under forty-five had a baby every year. To-day, the latest census shows that only one woman in nine under forty-five has a baby each year. Berlin holds the low record, and there only one woman in seventeen under forty-five has a child each year.

II

For some years the death-rate has been higher than the birth-rate in Berlin, and to-day the spread is greater than ever. One does not need to resort to statistics to be able to imagine the condition of Berlin in the year 2000. It is enough to look at a closer date to be able to know what conditions will be like provided the present trends continue. In twenty years, that is, in the 1950's, Berlin will have three million inhabitants, in other words, 1,200,000 less than in the year 1933.

At this point the objection might be made that Berlin is an exception and cannot be considered typical. But the significant thing is, not only that the other cities are going the way of Berlin in this respect, but that the country districts are also imitating the capital. Our cities cannot maintain their present population at the present birth-rate. The countryside still has more births than deaths, but the relative decline in the birth-rate since 1900 is just as great in the country as in the city. In the country districts the absolute birth-rate has been cut in two, just as in the city. It is only because the rural birth-rate is higher than the city birth-rate that our rural communities are in a comparatively more favorable situation. If, however, the present rate continues in the country, then the birth-rate there will fall as low as it has now fallen in the cities.

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Only Sweden, with a birth-rate of scarcely more than 14 per thousand, had less births in 1932 than Germany. France, on the other hand, the classic home of small families and stable population, had a birth-rate of 17.2 children per thousand, in other words 2.1 more children per thousand than Germany. Our total number of births in 1932 was lower than in Italy, where 990,000 children were born.

This may seem comparatively reasonable, but compare these conditions with cities abroad. The German cities in 1932 had a birth-rate of 10.8 per thousand, Berlin having sunk to as low as 8 per thousand. Moscow, on the other hand, had a birth-rate of 25 and Tokyo of 20. These two cities have even higher birth-rates than our rural districts, and New York's birth-rate of 16 per thousand is hardly less than the birth-rate of the German countryside. London has a birth-rate of 15 per thousand and Paris of 14.4. From these comparative figures it is clear that we Germans are not suffering from a decline in births due to the influence of the economic crisis, but that a kind of collapse has befallen us, the results of which have yet to be revealed.

No wonder the population question is tending more and more to become the central problem of political, economic, social, and cultural policy in Germany. What are the chief causes of the decline in births? Much valuable time that should have been spent on effective counter measures has been wasted by falling back on the comfortable assumption that it is simply a result of the war, the inflation, and the economic crisis. To dispel all our prejudices on the subject, let us state that such a tremendous affair cannot be attributed to any one cause. Nor is it to be explained by formulæ and mechanical arguments based on economics or social welfare. Of course, it is disturbing to look back at the nineteenth century with its rapid economic development and high birth-rate and then to compare it with the deep economic depression and low birth-rate of our own day.

But even if outer circumstances seemed to support the procedure it would be a dangerous mistake to try to stem the decline by applying the same mechanical methods that created our present condition. All historic experience teaches the opposite and indicates that mere outer resemblances have nothing to do with inner connections in so difficult a matter. If the purely mechanical economic thesis held good, then after the Thirty Years' War Germany would have had to resign herself to bringing children into the world with tears and pain, and the period after the War of Liberation would not have permitted the luxury of a high birth-rate. In like manner, France and Sweden ought to be swarming with children at the present time, and the poor districts of Moscow would not wear the appearance that they do.

It would obviously be absurd to deny the influence of economic factors, but they belong to another field. Life should be carefully protected and safeguarded, supported with all the aid that medicine and technology can provide. And because the German population once enjoyed this kind of protection and was not destroyed by infant mortality, disease, and war, the people of Germany developed in the best of health. This made possible the growth of German industry and

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the tremendous development of big cities. It was not industry in the cities that created the wealth of human beings, it was the human beings who created industry and big cities out of their own wealth. That is an elementary truth. But it should be emphasized in connection with the whole population problem that we must get back to a point of view that regards the organism, not the mechanism, that concentrates its attention upon the human being.

III

Numerous measures of the present Government clearly indicate how vividly the men in responsible positions understand the necessity of fighting the decline in births directly and indirectly. Instructive publications will rouse the people to understand the dangers of a declining birth-rate. All kinds of measures for creating work, for getting the married unemployed men back into the production process again, for building houses and starting settlements, are coming to the fore. A special task faces the settlements of the unemployed in rural districts, since their chief task is to restore the necessary balance between city and country. The removal of women from factories and offices through marriage subsidies and the improvement in the condition of domestic servants finally mark the beginning of a necessary reform of the labor market, in which women have occupied too important a place. Moreover, in the field of taxation every possible step will certainly be taken to alleviate the lot of families with numerous children.

The present Government, to judge from all its public statements, is quite conscious that it can only provide assistance and prepare the ground for the German people to attack the birth-rate question with an active will to life. The German family will be given a new position legally as well as economically. And the German people must re-create family affection as well as a feeling for children and love for them. A responsibility rests on the people themselves.

The present condition of our population and the developments in store affect our agricultural policy more than anything else. Burgdörfer attacks this theme in his new essay, 'Back to the Agrarian State,' which contains interesting statistical material. Because of the stagnation of the German population, the demand for foodstuffs will remain fairly constant quantitatively during the next twenty years, but will be radically altered qualitatively by the great inner transformation of our people, who will come to be mostly of advanced age, with only a few children and adolescents. If the present tastes in food continue, we shall have a rapid decline in the consumption of potatoes and rye, whereas the consumption of wheat, meat, and all animal products—except milk because of the declining birth-rate—will grow. Rye production may decline about twenty-five per cent in fifteen years and animal products may increase about twenty per cent, thus increasing the need for fodder.

But a very important element in all these observations is how the percentage between city and country population will vary in the next few years. If our cities do not continue to grow at the expense of the country districts, then within fifteen years we

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shall witness a rapid decline in city population. If the rural population again increases through migration from the cities, then food consumption will also be transformed. People who live off the land prefer vegetable products, and here, too, settlement schemes will play a rôle of considerable importance in the future German farm policy. And our industrial organizations will learn the same lessons from the changes in our population that the leaders of our farm policy have already mastered.

V. Russia's New Foreign Policy

By Nikolaus Basseches

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

LITVINOV takes advantage of every opportunity to come in contact with the political world abroad, and during the past year he has performed a great piece of work. Some years ago Jean Herbette, the first French ambassador in Moscow, endeavored to restore pre-war relationships between Russia and France and to secure the Versailles system by an alliance with Russia. He did not, however, succeed in unhorsing German diplomacy in Moscow and therefore went home disappointed and disgusted. But world events presently came to the aid of French diplomacy, and France remains convinced that only the most friendly relations with Russia can guarantee the peace of Europe.

Poland's goal is not quite so ambitious. She wishes to maintain the friendliest possible relations with the Soviet state, but she does not envisage military coöperation. That far she will not go, though she wants absolute security on her eastern frontier.

In daily, practical activity Poland for the moment is taking the initiative and France is merely following. In Warsaw and Moscow courteous receptions have occurred. When the Polish ambassador appeared on the Moscow flying field to greet the Polish aviators who had flown over the Austrian Alps, a 'bourgeois' flag was flown for the first time in Russia—the flag of Poland. On the first of May the official *Gazeta Polska* sent its editor in chief, Colonel Miedzinski, to Moscow, and now Radek, representing the equally official *Izvestia*, has paid a return visit to Warsaw. These two incidents show that unusually cordial relations are being cultivated between both the diplomats and the official organs of public opinion of the two countries. Soviet diplomacy is trying to help Poland wherever it can. For instance, Poland has always wanted to build up its foreign trade with the East but as long as relations between Russia and Poland were strained the Turkish capital did not wish to have anything to do with Warsaw. Now, however, the ice is broken.

In like manner, Franco-Polish diplomacy is at work in the capitals of the Little Entente building up good will for the Soviet Union, this activity having led to several recent treaties. But Soviet foreign policy has not stopped here and Moscow is already talking of further treaties with the

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nations of the Little Entente, especially Czechoslovakia and Rumania, which are to precede the resumption of normal diplomatic relations.

Some opposition to Russia still exists in Yugoslavia, but it cannot last long. As for Rumania, Bessarabia is never mentioned any more in Russia. It seems that the great Russian organizations like the Union of Old Bessarabians have ceased to exist. On the twenty-seventh of March, the anniversary of Rumania's seizure of Bessarabia, the subject went unmentioned for the first time in the Soviet press.

In the autumn Soviet foreign policy will reach its climax. Political circles in Moscow say that the simultaneous visits to Paris of Foreign Minister Litvinov and the Turkish Foreign Minister have a special significance. The autumn will also see the signing of a series of treaties of friendship similar to the Berlin Treaty of 1926 with Germany, which the Hitler Government has just recognized. And there will be more treaties between the Soviet Union and Poland, France, and Turkey.

The new orientation of Russian policy toward Turkey is the first result of the recently improved relationships between Russia and France. If this foreign policy continues, France, Poland, and the Little Entente will finally occupy the same diplomatic position in relation to Moscow that Germany used to hold.

At this point the question of the Rapallo Treaty arises. Many years ago I discussed this matter with one of the leading Soviet diplomats. A certain newspaper had taken as its emblem the picture of a soldier in the Red Army and a soldier in the *Reichswehr* advancing shoulder to shoulder with fixed bayonets. I maintained that it was impossible for the Bolshevist state to maintain close relationships with a capitalist power, but the man to whom I was talking remarked absent-mindedly, 'One never knows.' Whether we like it or not, we must be realistic and recognize that anti-German sentiment now prevails in Russia. The Soviet Government did not foster this feeling at first, and the Soviet press was notably discreet. No tremendous cry went up from the man in the street such as occurred during the fighting in China, when slogans like 'Hands off China' and 'Against suppression of the Chinese Revolution' were popular. Nor were there any slogans like 'Our answer to the English imperialists.' When the Soviet trading offices in Berlin were searched there were no official outcries such as occurred in 1925 about China. It was not until later that the tone of the Soviet press became increasingly sharp. Nevertheless, anti-German opinion prevails among the masses, not only among the Communists and the supporters of the Government, not only among the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionaries of the opposition, who are always for democracy, but everywhere. The parts of Adolf Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, that deal with Russia are much better known than one would imagine.

The opinion is frequently expressed that Russia will be forced to adopt a 'Slavic' foreign policy. The Versailles system is openly supported. For domestic consumption the Bolshevik slogan reads, 'Better no revision than an "imperialist" revision of the peace treaties.' This change in opinion is

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encouraging a new foreign policy and making it much easier for the Soviet Government to overcome domestic opposition to various embarrassing questions.

Thanks to this condition, the Anglo-Russian conflict was smoothed over and the difficult position of the Soviet Union in the Far East has been improved. In the last dispute over Kamchatka, the Soviet Government made a scrupulously correct offer of restitution and put its border officials in a more precarious position than they had ever before occupied in Soviet history. For up to that time Moscow had always protected its own officials, being profoundly convinced for domestic reasons that not a single screw in the machinery of dictatorship could be endangered. But in the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway the Soviets forgot all about prestige, apparently in the hope that their conciliatory attitude toward Japan would induce Washington to deal directly with Moscow. This policy seems to have succeeded in London, and resumption of diplomatic relations with the United States is expected in the near future.

We confront to-day the beginning of a new Soviet foreign policy. The Bolshevist state has become a conservative factor in world politics and supports the *status quo* to a certain degree. At the same time it has ceased playing a passive rôle abroad and is beginning to become active. The great boundary from the Baltic to the Black Sea is the most peaceful and least contested boundary in the world at the present time. In 1924 domestic considerations prevented many countries from granting *de jure* recognition. Now, however, in the year 1933, the world situation has changed so much that Soviet foreign policy can begin where it left off in 1924. This will have a decisive effect on domestic policies, which will also undergo profound, far-reaching changes, but slowly and without excitement.

VI. The Soviet Oil Offensive

By J. Trachtenberg

Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Conservative Daily

THE next few years will show whether the Soviets can achieve their principal aim and fight out to a completely victorious finish their first battle with the oil companies of the world on the international market. Actually, the Russian petroleum industry is one of those that have been speeded up most beyond what the original plans called for. Soviet economists assert: 'The total supply of crude oil in all the Russian fields amounts to about five billion metric tons, so that the Soviet Union has attained first place in Europe, and second place in the world.' Soviet statesmen proclaim: 'The task of the second five-year period consists in gaining a decisive position in the world oil trade.'

The second Five-Year Plan is aiming at an oil production of about 250 million metric tons. About 25 million tons will be produced in 1933 and 80

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to 90 million tons in 1937, for every effort is being bent to achieve a 'decisive' position in the world oil trade.' For one thing, pumps and compressors will be used for all deep drilling, and each well will be exploited 100 per cent. Perfected technical equipment (cracking plants and pipe lines) will increase the production of the clear product, and new levels of production will be attained for gasoline, naphtha, lubricating oil, paraffin, and so on.

Furthermore, groups of geologists are seeking petroleum deposits just as eagerly as they are seeking deposits of coal and metal. In 1913 only nine oil fields had been discovered, but now nineteen are actually being worked. According to statements of Russian geologists, explorations on the northeast shore of Lake Baikal have yielded petroleum at a depth of 350 feet. Professor Golubiotnikov estimates the oil supply on the Apsheron Peninsula at a billion metric tons. Just recently Gubkin, a trained scientist, stated that on the west slope of the Ural Mountains, between the Caspian Sea and the Pechora River, lies a strip of land 1,250 miles long that gives evidence of petroleum deposits at various points. Up to now, explorations there have yielded a supply of 400 million metric tons. Finally, crude oil has also been discovered along the Amur River in Siberia.

At the World Petroleum Conference the oil supplies of the Soviet Union were estimated at 2,882 million metric tons, which were distributed as follows: Baku, 1,442 million tons; Groznyi, 900; the Kuban region, 65; the Ural-Emba region, 263; Sakhalin, 98; Transcaucasia, the Uchta region, and Transcaspia, 33 each; Ferghana, 16. The statistics of the conference set the world oil supply at 7,696 million metric tons, so that the Soviet Union alone has 37 per cent of the total.

If we review the achievements of the Russian oil industry in the course of the first Five-Year-Plan, we must admit that the production programme was quantitatively fulfilled in the first two and a half years. But this improvement over the Five-Year Plan in both time and quantity would never have been possible if the Soviets had not invested the equivalent of more than three billion marks in oil production and refinement between 1928 and 1932. There has been much technical progress. The use of compressors in oil production has increased about 60 per cent, and the number of pumps has grown from 3,137 in 1928 to 4,292 in 1932. The average monthly production of oil wells has risen in the last four years from 270 to 390 metric tons. In the place of steam and internal-combustion engines, now almost completely supplanted, electric current has made its appearance as a source of energy.

In all, twenty-seven plants with a total capacity of twelve million metric tons have been set in operation in the course of the first Five-Year Plan. The production of the clear product is accomplished mainly with the help of cracking plants, of which in 1932 there were twenty-three abroad and one in Russia, with a total capacity of 3.2 million metric tons. New products have been manufactured, such as asphalt, paraffin, and so on, and the first plants for the refinement of high-class gasoline are being built in Yaroslavl and Baku. As for the construction of pipe lines, the Groznyi–Tuapse line, with a capacity of 1,656,-

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000 metric tons, was completed in 1928. In 1929 a line of equal capacity was built from Baku to Batum, followed in 1931 by a larger one from Armavir to Rostov along the Don, a distance of two hundred miles. In 1932 the total capacity of the Russian pipe system was 8.1 million metric tons, and the total length 2,000 miles. Moreover, a very large pipe line is now being built from Orsk to the Caspian Sea.

Investments in the Russian oil industry from 1923 to 1932 amounted to the equivalent of about 4.7 million marks, and at the end of 1931 about 80,000 workers were employed. The Soviet machine industry has taken up the manufacture of pipe lines, drills, cracking equipment, and oil tanks.

Is Russia preparing for a large-scale export offensive? The Soviets are aware that in the next few years they will meet with stiffer opposition in exporting oil products. Hence they might at least answer protests against dumping by giving the laborers and white-collar workers in the oil industry some free bread, always provided that they can succeed by then in setting their agriculture to rights. Viewed in connection with the embargoes that various countries have laid on Soviet goods, especially grain, this problem has become an urgent one. The production programme for the second five-year period anticipates that the 210,000 collectives and 5,000 state farms will yield harvests that will make possible the procedure outlined above. The Soviets will not consider raising the price of their grain and—in order to win the proletarians in capitalist countries over to their side—they announce that bread will soon be given away free in the 'Soviet paradise.' The same inducement also spurs on the workers in the export industries to greater achievements.

In 1932 Russian exports of oil products were as follows:—

	1,000 Metric Tons
Italy	1,039.5
France	967
England	597
Germany	532
Spain	431
Japan	368
Belgium	272
Sweden	272
Egypt	268

Other purchasers of Russian oil products included Czechoslovakia, the border states, Finland, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, western China, and Mongolia.

Russia has taken the offensive in the world oil battle. Up to 1937 the Russian fight against the American and British oil companies will take forms that will compel other branches of industry to form alliances quickly in order to hold their ground in their defensive battle against the Soviets.

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A contributor to the leading monthly organ of Nazi opinion pleads for German-American friendship and hails President Roosevelt as a fellow Fascist.

A NAZI *to* Roosevelt

By HELLMUTH MAGERS

Translated from *Die Tat*
Jena National Socialist Monthly

MANY similarities exist to-day between the United States and Germany. And the more closely one observes the developments over there since Roosevelt's accession to office the more striking these similarities become. We Germans are more inclined to make such comparisons than Americans are, for to us the United States represents an entire continent, while in the American field of vision Germany is only one country in an extremely complex part of the earth. Nevertheless, in time the New World will come to understand that a similarity of development—even an extensive correspondence of interests—exists between the United States and Germany. For this reason it should be possible to achieve friendly coöperation with the United States, and such coöperation—we are not speaking of a policy of loans—should be of profit to both parties.

If one wishes to understand clearly the present situation of the United States one must become clear as to what it was that has collapsed over there in the last few years. Roosevelt is beginning his reconstruction on a field of ruins. In the ruins lie that American phenomenon which for a decade exercised a fascination that spread even beyond the nations of the Western world. But the gospel of salvation that was carried to the peoples of the earth with Anglo-Saxon missionary zeal, and that displayed a power of attraction no less potent than the Russian gospel, has been revealed as charlatanry. The phenomenon of America enjoying intellectual predominance in the world no longer exists, but the Russian phenomenon endures. Many people, therefore, who do not wish to succumb to the Russian doctrine are to-day looking to Germany, where West and

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East are locked in struggle while a new gospel of salvation comes into being.

II

One must picture to one's self the dramatic rise and fall of the New World in the last ten years in order to understand what a crucial era we are living in to-day. During the War the American nation awoke to a consciousness of its destiny. Through the contribution of its wealth and finally of its blood a young nation came to believe that it had freed the world from absolutism and imperialism. But at the same time this nation also learned for the first time, through war production, the boundless possibilities of technical rationalization in the production process. The fighting men were away from home only eighteen months, but that period sufficed to introduce the greatest revolution that has yet occurred in the production process.

Because most of the able-bodied men came from rural regions, the demand for labor-saving agricultural machinery was particularly strong. To this fact the tractor industry, for instance, owed its unprecedented expansion. Of course, there were tractors even before the War, but at the end of 1917 only eighty thousand of these were being used on American farms and by the end of 1918 the number had increased to 148,000. But since tractors not only take the place of human and animal labor but also operate more economically, the triumphal march of this machine could not be halted even in peace time. To-day the number of tractors on American farms exceeds the million mark. The Texas Agricultural Experiment Station has estimated that on a 200-acre cotton plantation the production costs, up to the harvesting of the cotton, amount to $668 with a tractor and $1,524 with horses. Even though costs cannot be estimated as closely as that, a reduction of about one-half must be taken into account.

Together with the tractor another power machine has revolutionized oversea agriculture—the combine. This machine mows and thrashes the grain in a single process and pours it into a bin that is part of the machine. Combines were also being used before the War in the wide wheat fields of the northwestern states, but it took up to thirty-six horses to draw one of the pre-war models.

Two men can run a combine, and the daily capacity of an average one is thirty to thirty-five acres. With the old binding machine twelve acres was a good day's work for two men. Thus the combine has eliminated the migratory agricultural workers who formerly went west each year. But the most important thing about the combine is that it cannot be used profitably on less than a certain acreage. For the average combine, with a sixteen-foot cutting width, the minimum area that can be harvested at a profit is about three hundred acres, but the area which yields the maximum profit is about one thousand acres. The Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station estimates that the cost of harvesting five hundred acres of wheat with a binding machine and a stationary thrashing machine is $4.41 per acre, whereas with a combine it drops to $2.18 an acre—in other words, the cost is cut in half.

These facts deserve the closest consideration, for they have given big

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farms an advantage over smaller ones in American agriculture and consequently have had a tendency to increase the area under cultivation. At the same time, the pressure of prices on the wheat market was increased and the buying power of the small and medium farmer declined. In their efforts to keep pace with rationalization, the farmers took out mortgages, which were willingly offered them, and the rationalization of agriculture celebrated more and more triumphs, including the electrical milking of cows.

Here, even in the years of glorious 'prosperity,' lay the death germ of the last capitalist boom. Professor Studensky-Moskau, who analyzes the effects of the new agricultural technique in the United States in Volume 31 of the World Economic Archives, comes to the conclusion that a 'washing away of the small capitalist centre and a building up of the ranks of the proletariat' is unavoidable. Actually, the migration from the country to the city during the years of industrial prosperity, 1920 to 1927, is estimated at over three millions by Dr. Galpin of the Department of Agriculture.

III

Of course there was already unemployment in America even in the good years. Despite the migration to the cities between 1919 and 1927, the number of industrial workers fell from 11.5 to 10.7 millions as the result of the rationalization of production. To be sure,—and this reveals the spirit of the age most clearly,—the number of persons employed in business grew during the same period from 4.5 to 6.1 millions. For the essence of the American phenomenon was the tempo of exchange.

One cannot understand the period of American post-war prosperity unless one is familiar with the American type of high-pressure salesman. Long before the famous crash in the autumn of 1929, all business dealings—and not merely those on the Stock Exchange—had taken on a speculative character. And that lay in the nature of things. During the War America changed from a debtor nation to a creditor nation. The tremendous available wealth had to be invested at home and abroad. So not until the continent had been developed to the last corner did the American phenomenon become possible. Industrial expansion was harmless as long as the market retained the capacity of absorbing production, and the steady rise of American wages gave the market this capacity for a long time. Nevertheless, it was possible to ascertain comparatively early that increasing production and rising wages were no longer keeping pace. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, production per worker increased about 3.5 per cent yearly between 1922 and 1927, while the average wage rose only 2.4 per cent. This in itself was a menacing development. The shifting of equilibrium to the detriment of buying power was increased by the agricultural developments described above.

It is surprising to consider how light-heartedly those problems were overlooked at the time. Prominent Americans believed in all seriousness that perpetual motion had been discovered in industry. It was believed possible to abolish depression once and for all with the slogan, 'Higher

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wages, greater turnover, increasing profits.' The phenomenon of overproduction did not exist in anybody's mind during those years. Finally, it was believed that when the domestic market had reached the saturation point the excess-goods produced could be sold abroad. Exports had to be financed by loans, and if anyone asked how the debtor was going to pay back those loans he was jestingly told, 'By a moratorium.'

The first crash threatened in 1926, but the crisis was bridged over at that time by a magic charm, a magic charm that has helped essentially to give the present depression its chronic and insurmountable character. This magic charm was installment buying. No sooner had the business world discovered that the market was losing its equilibrium, no sooner had it felt the breath of approaching catastrophe than it proceeded to keep alive the boom, that is, overproduction, by organizing installment buying on a tremendous scale. The regular earnings of employees were thus extensively used to keep up the volume of orders in production. External symptoms alone were treated, and everyone closed his eyes to the fact that the causes of inevitable collapse continued to exist.

IV

If the crisis had really occurred in 1926 it might have worked itself out in a capitalist way and have formed a transition to a new upward swing. But since the boom of 1927–29 was kept going with considerable economic and psychological momentum despite the warnings of a few intelligent but isolated individuals, a whole mass of frozen claims developed that burdened even the least important people, and the tremendous amount of goods that were returned to the dealers after a brief period of use at the outbreak of the crisis did their part to clog the market.

It seems like a satire to read President Hoover's speeches during the electoral campaign of 1928. For instance, he said: 'Prosperity is no empty word. It means work for everyone. It means security and protection for every business and every home. A strengthening of the policies of the Republican Party is a fundamental necessity for this progress and for a continued building up of this prosperity.' Is this not reminiscent of the golden age which, it was thought, had been assured to all future generations? Edward A. Filene, a well-known American economic leader who even to-day has not learned to keep silent, wrote with enthusiasm at that time: 'The new capitalism has realized the dream of the Socialists, though not with their means. For the first time in the history of humanity, leisure and luxury are becoming the portion of the masses, and for the first time in the history of humanity a mass culture is in sight.'

All these illusions have vanished, and in the three and a half years of crisis up to President Roosevelt's accession to office America became ready to liquidate the capitalist economic order, in which economic catastrophes like the depression of these years are inevitable, and to seek salvation in new ways. It is this fact that relates the present situation in the United States to that in Germany, for in both countries revolutionary changes of inestimable importance are taking place visibly before all eyes.

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In Germany politics always stays in the foreground; the United States is on the road to a new economic order under the bold leadership of Roosevelt.

Roosevelt would probably object to being called a National Socialist. None the less, it cannot be denied that his ideas bear an unmistakable relationship to the National Socialist system. Roosevelt's socialism, also, is not a collective one. He stresses again and again in his book that he considers it his mission to save American individualism. If he extends state control over economic life he does it with a view to protecting the free individual from exploitation by capitalist employers and unscrupulous speculators. In any case, the path that Roosevelt has chosen obviously leads to the end of the capitalist economic order. The more control the state exercises, the further the economic system departs from the principle of individualism and develops in the direction of progressive socialization. For this reason Roosevelt has against him to-day an unbroken front of all those who would have something to lose from a socialist economic system, and all the more unanimously do those stand by the President of whom the reverse is true, and they are to-day the overwhelming majority of the American people.

For us in Germany it is a compelling necessity to watch Roosevelt's steps carefully, for without doubt our National Socialist revolution will in its further course be compelled to follow a similar development in the economic realm. An exchange of experiences from country to country such as has already taken place in regard to conscription of labor should be an advantage in all provinces of the new economic order. But a far-reaching correspondence of interests between the United States and Germany also exists politically. Roosevelt's appeal for peace to the peoples of the world and Adolf Hitler's Reichstag address foreshadowed for the first time the possibilities of such political coöperation. And since according to every human probability we shall for a long time yet have reason to demand release from the disarmament promise from other nations, we ought to come to a better understanding with American interests in regard to this matter, too.

V

A further factor in foreign policy is Russia. The recognition of Russia by the United States must take place before long. It is to be expected that America will then take up again the old idea of a loan to Russia, a question that remains acute so long as Russia continues its construction programme. An American loan to Russia would promote American exports to Russia and would also make Russian dumping superfluous and thus win back for the United States markets outside of Russia. Already the feeling toward Russia in American economic circles is not unfavorable. The iron consistency with which gigantic projects have been executed in the Soviet Union and the slogan of 'speeding up,' so cleverly chosen by the Russians, have had a good effect. Only the great risk of a loan to Russia and the lack of *de jure* recognition have opposed the logical economic considerations that have counseled the loan. In all countries great risks are willingly left to the state, and in the years 1917–20 even the United States did

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not fight shy of assuming great risks by granting loans to Italy, Serbia, Greece, Liberia, and Costa Rica.

If signs are not deceptive, the question of an American loan under a state guarantee will enter a new stage with the recognition of the Soviet Union. Sharpened German-American competition for the Russian market would arise in consequence of such a loan. Yet this competition would occur only on the limited territory in which our exports coincide with those of the Americans. To these belong especially the electrical-equipment and machine industries. But most American exports to Russia up to now have consisted of classes of goods in which our export industry scarcely competes. These are, above all, big agricultural machines, which because of similar geographical conditions can be used in Russia as well as America; secondly, the tractor industry and in part also the automobile industry; and finally the typewriter and calculating-machine industries. With intelligent coöperation friendly German-American relations in regard to the Russian market are entirely possible.

VI

Where, then, lie the difficulties that to-day oppose German-American friendship and international collaboration? They do not lie in the domain of foreign trade, nor in that of foreign policy. If present German-American relations are not as friendly as they might be, this condition is due essentially to America's critical attitude toward domestic developments in Germany. But even this matter should not be overestimated. A clever propaganda that always stands ready to work in a manner hostile to Germany has utilized this state of affairs against us. Yet the American Government has up to now exercised a correct reserve. It is also quite inconceivable that America would get into a crusading mood against us on account of the Jewish question. The reports that we have received from over there have all been published in New York, and one must not mistake New York for America. The Americans themselves guard energetically against this confusion. New York, which is almost a third Jewish, has a higher percentage of Jews than any other great city, but the political influence of the Jewish population is by no means so great as we often suppose. Even the Jewish protests in Washington were not at all impressive and did not echo the feeling of the country.

Much more serious is the censure of the ecclesiastical question. Because of the exceptional power of the Protestant churches in the United States, this factor and the interest that is brought to bear on matters of church policy in Germany should in no way be underestimated.

The long-vacant post of American Ambassador in Berlin has finally been filled, several weeks after the appointments to the other capitals in Europe were completed. This proves that there are no longer any obstacles in the path of the resumption of normal relations between the United States and Germany. It depends on the personality of the new Ambassador and on the spirit with which he is received in Berlin whether German-American friendship will become more cordial in the years to come.

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Persons and Personages

Hitler's Salad Days

By W. W. C.

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

THE first time I heard the name of Adolf Hitler mentioned was shortly after the end of the War, when a man named Franz Xavier Huber, a war veteran who had had a leg shot away before Verdun in 1917, told me stories of a curious fellow who had been in his regiment at the front. He was a garrulous chap, and, sitting in that same Bürgerbraü Keller in Munich where in 1923 Hitler took his first plunge into revolutionary activities by firing off his army revolver at the ceiling and declaring the morrow would see him victor or dead, although it saw him neither the one nor the other, but unscathed, a helter-skelter fugitive in the Bavarian hills, he used to tell tales tragic and humorous of his campaign experiences.

The thing that had struck him about 'Private Hitler' was his grandiloquence. He was neither popular nor the reverse with his fellows; they just smiled at him and his vague, rambling speeches on everything in the world and out of it. He acquired very swiftly the reputation of being what in the British Army is called 'an old soldier.' That is, he showed distinct talent in avoiding disagreeable tasks, but he knew on which side his bread was buttered. He interested himself particularly in the important question of seeing that the officers' washing was done or doing it himself. This secured for him the good graces of the colonel, who removed him from the more constant dangers of the trenches and appointed him runner between regimental headquarters and the front line.

These duties brought him frequently in contact with the men and he would sit for hours in a dug-out and hold forth on socialism, of which it was evident he had only very hazy notions. Old Social Democrats used to laugh at him, but no one debated seriously with him. He could not brook contradiction and used to fly into terrible rages if anyone ventured a word of dissent. Though he got the Iron Cross of the second class, no one in the regiment ever looked upon Hitler as any sort of a hero; indeed, they rather admired him for the skill with which he avoided hot corners. The regimental records contain not a line concerning an award of the Iron Cross of the first class to Hitler, though in latter years he has taken to wearing it prominently on his self-constructed uniform.

In those days in Munich I lived in the Thiersh Strasse, where nowa-

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days the Hitlerite organ, *Völkischer Beobachter*, has its offices in a sumptuous building, and I frequently noticed in the street a man who vaguely reminded me of a militant edition of Charlie Chaplin, owing to his characteristic moustache and his bouncing way of walking. He never wore a hat, but always carried a riding whip in his hand, with which he used incessantly to chop off imaginary heads as he walked. He was so funny that I inquired from neighbors who he might be; most of them, owing to his Slav type, took him to be one of those Russian *émigrés* who abounded in Germany at that time, and they freely talked of his being probably a trifle mentally deranged. But my grocer told me it was a Herr Adolf Hitler from Braunau in Austria, and that he was leader of a tiny political group which called itself the 'German National Socialist Workers' Party.' He lived quietly enough as a boarder in the apartment of a small artisan, wrote articles for an obscure paper called the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and orated in hole-and-corner meetings before audiences of a dozen or two. His closest friend was a Russian *émigré* from the Baltic provinces, a certain Herr Rosenberg, who was joint owner of the paper. Out of curiosity I bought the paper once or twice, and found it a scatter-brained collection of wild anti-Jewish stories and articles interlarded with panegyrics on the Germanic race. My obliging grocer closed his information on Hitler by remarking that he frequently purchased things in his shop and was, despite his eccentric appearance, quite a pleasant fellow, though inclined to talk sixteen to the dozen about anything and everything.

Some time later I became a frequent customer of a little wine saloon in the Schelling Strasse, called the 'Osteria Bavaria.' It was an historic place in its way, for it had been the haunt of the philosopher, Schelling. The public in this inn was mostly composed of Bohemians, artists, art students, and members of the staff of *Simplicissimus*, the famous satirical weekly. Musicians and poetasters sat around of an evening and listened to Gulbransson or Thöny giving forth their views on art, politics, and the price of a pound of meat. Discussions ensued that lasted far into the night, over tankards of beer and bottles of an excellent Chianti. Hitler was an almost daily visitor; he had, I learned, been a house painter in his early days in Vienna, but he was rather sore on the subject, and posed as an artist. He was very fond of airing his views on art and architecture, which, however, were not taken seriously by any of the artists who frequented the place.

Hitler was often accompanied by one or two friends who, I was told, were members of his little political group. The most sensible of the band was a chemist named Gregor Strasser, a very sound fellow with whom I often spoke. Hitler's closest friend at that time, however, seemed to be an ex-army captain named Roehm, who later became chief of the Storm

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Troops, while his friend, Baldur von Schirach, was entrusted with leadership of the 'Hitler Youth,' the boy-scout organization of the National Socialist movement.

One thing that struck me about Hitler was his extreme abstemiousness. He ate every night a dish of vegetables, and mineral water was his only drink. He never smoked. This reminds me of an amusing incident when Hitler became Chancellor. The German vegetarians have a central organ of their league, and this paper came out with flaming headlines:—

FIRST GREAT VICTORY OF GERMAN VEGETARIANS
HITLER BECOMES CHANCELLOR

Sometimes instead of regaling us with chaotic speeches, Hitler would sit for hours on end in front of his mineral water, staring into space, not uttering a word, and apparently quite oblivious of his surroundings. If on these occasions someone suddenly addressed him, he would start as if out of sleep, and stroke his forehead with his hand several times before coming back to reality.

Apart from politics and art, Hitler's chief topics of conversation were Italy and clairvoyance. He had never visited Italy, but had apparently read a great deal about it, and he would sometimes talk for half an hour on end about the glories of ancient Rome and the greatness of the Cæsars. There was something about his talk that made one think of the prophets of the Old Testament; he spoke as if he believed himself to be inspired. The only thing that dispelled the illusion was his frequent use of words that are not found in the dictionary of a cultivated German.

One day I remember that a man came in who, for the price of a plate of soup, read hands and told fortunes. Hitler retired with the soothsayer into a corner and spent a whole hour with him in earnest conference. When he got back among us, he turned with anger upon a student who had made a slighting remark about clairvoyance, and launched out upon an eloquent defense of occultism of every kind, and especially of astrology. He made a confidant, too, of a Jewish charlatan named Steinschneider who had taken to himself the name of Hanussen, and consulted him frequently. Hanussen, who subsequently founded and ran a weekly newspaper on astrology, devoted to indirect propaganda for Hitler, became for a few weeks after Hitler's accession to power almost as important a factor in Germany as Rasputin had been in Russia. But his end was a tragic one. He was found murdered in a field in the environs of Berlin. Accounts vary regarding his death. Some say he knew too much; others that he had warned Hitler that the stars were unfavorable to him and that in the beginning of the winter of 1933 he would collapse. Others again ascribe his death to the jealousy of professional colleagues. However that may be, the incident does not appear to

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have shaken Hitler's faith in astrology, and one of Hanussen's chief rivals, a man named Mücke, has been appointed by Hitler 'Federal Commissary for Occultism.' This, I believe, is the first time in modern ages that a state has officially recognized soothsaying and turned it into a government department.

But there is one extraordinary feature about Hitler's faith in the occult which gives rise to intriguing speculation. As everyone knows, he has adopted the swastika as the emblem not only of his party but of the state. But curiously enough this swastika is reversed, and anyone acquainted with Eastern beliefs and superstitions knows that this is to be regarded with positive horror. An inverted swastika is indicative not of endless life but of the flood and flame of life leading to a violent destruction.

Did Hitler know this when he foisted it upon the German nation? Is the reversed swastika just another sign of the man's half-baked conception of things, even his beloved mysticism? Or is this a last vestige of the irony of his political faith?

Hitler was not without devoted adherents in the 'Osteria Bavaria.' Some students after a while became seized with a sort of hero worship regarding him, and hung on to every word he said with wrapt attention. But there is no doubt that his chief admirers were the two waitresses, buxom Bavarian wenches who listened open-mouthed to him and danced attendance on him in a way that formed the subject of many jokes among the habitués of the place. Hitler's relations with women indeed are a strange and obscure chapter. I saw a great deal of him at that time, and I can certify that he was in these matters as abstemious as in regard to food and drink. The only woman he seemed to care for at all was the lady to whose villa in the hills he fled after his inglorious collapse in November 1923. He used to correspond with her a great deal and spent frequent week-ends at her place. Latterly he is said to have fallen in love with Winifred Wagner, but I can hardly imagine the Hitler of 1921 in love. Another thing that struck me was the man's utter incapacity to deal with important details. When he spoke of Italy, or the German race, or occultism, or the Jews, his talk was a succession of vague generalities, couched in attractive if flowery language, but showing in every case either complete ignorance or at least complete contempt for detail.

Though he insisted in season and out of season on the greatness of 'pure Germanism,' I never met a German who was so entirely un-German. His speech, his thought, his outlook upon men and things were far more Slav than Teutonic. He loved everything foreign while he denounced it. His race theories came from the Frenchman, Gobineau, and the English renegade, Houston Chamberlain. His famous phrase, 'the

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Third Reich,' was the invention of the Dutchman, Moeller van den Bruck. The party salute was an Elizabethan stage convention—a subterfuge adopted by actors to give a Roman effect. His regimental standards were a pale imitation of Roman eagles. His uniforms are anything but Germanic. They are a sort of cocktail of French, Austrian, and English uniforms with most of the bad points to all three. But I will say this, as the result of these long evenings spent with him: he was, and probably still is, passionately, almost ferociously, sincere in all he says and does, even when it appears hypocritical and insincere.

Three Statesmen of China

By William Martin

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

HAVING been closely associated for nearly fourteen years with the activities of the League of Nations, I have had the occasion to see, know, and judge a great many statesmen from every country in the world. I therefore know what I am talking about when I affirm that the men governing China at this moment are not inferior in any respect to their colleagues of the Occident.

In theory China is governed by a complicated system composed of five different powers, instead of the three that are customary in Europe. And on top of these five powers is a party government somewhat like that of Russia. But one can say that the real power is in the hands of three men, one of whom represents the military element in the Government; the second, political authority; while the third holds the economic life of the nation in his hands.

The military leader is General Chiang Kai-shek, who bears the modest title of President of the Committee of Military Affairs. The political leader is Mr. Wang Ching-wei, President of the Executive Council. The third member of this triumvirate, Mr. T. V. Soong, has no important function in the party, but is Minister of Finance, Vice President of the Council, and, moreover, brother-in-law of General Chiang Kai-shek.

Who are these three men and what is the secret of their alliance? In China, generals are not necessarily military leaders; they are simply men who have recruited an army. General Chiang Kai-shek has not always been a soldier; he began his career in the cotton business. But he is distinguished from his colleagues in two respects. For one thing, his army lacks any personal character, having originally been the army of the party and having consequently become the army of the nation. In the second place, Chiang Kai-shek has actually studied military affairs, which is

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not true of all Chinese generals, and nobody questions his abilities as a strategist, organizer, and leader.

Yet when I had the privilege of being received by him he appeared in the most unmilitary kind of attire. Clothed in a long Chinese robe, with his hands folded in Chinese fashion inside his vast sleeves and seated by the corner of a big wood fire, he looked like those young people one meets everywhere in China and of whom it is hard to say whether they are peasants, clerks, students, or sons of the family.

It is impossible to speak of Chiang Kai-shek without alluding to Madam Chiang, whose influence on the General is recognized, who takes an active part in her husband's life and political activities, and who, moreover, made him a member of a family that could fairly be described as dynastic, if that word were not suspect in republican China. Madam Chiang is a Soong. She is a sister of Mr. T. V. Soong; a sister of Madam Sun Yat-sen, wife of the great prophet of the revolution, who has become a cult in China, and, finally, a sister of Madam Kung, whose husband also occupies a position of high responsibility in the state. Through his wife General Chiang is therefore a brother-in-law of the late Sun Yat-sen and of T. V. Soong. Think what this signifies in a country where the family and clan play such a great rôle.

Madam Chiang's influence was recently revealed by a great act in her husband's life, his conversion to Christianity. For the Soong family, whose father was a clergyman, is entirely Christian in both belief and practice. Not the least remarkable feature of modern China is that it is governed by real Christians.

IF General Chiang Kai-shek is connected by marriage with Sun Yat-sen, the founder of modern China, Mr. Wang Ching-wei is affiliated with him by virtue of long and intimate collaboration. It was Mr. Wang, together with Mr. Hu Han-min, now his relentless adversary but formerly his friend, who wrote the famous testament that Sun Yat-sen signed on his deathbed. As young-looking as the General, though ten years older, Wang Ching-wei also wears blue silk robes and black slippers. He prefers to speak Chinese, although he knows French. He is a man of real intellectual refinement and a political manipulator of the first water.

Mr. T. V. Soong is entirely different. Educated in America, he can hardly be imagined wearing Chinese clothes. He resembles those big fellows from Harvard and Yale who combine physical strength, intellectual capacity, and incessant activity. In a country given over to speculation, where people have a horror of action and expect things to get themselves accomplished, T. V. Soong acts more than he speaks. No sooner said than done.

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This quality, which amazes most of his compatriots, has contributed much to establish his authority in commercial and financial circles in Shanghai. Last year, when the Government changed, it was quickly discovered that without him the finances of the country, which rested on the confidence of big bankers, could not function.

It would be an exaggeration to say that these three men agree perfectly on everything. When one recalls that two years ago Wang Ching-wei was on the field of battle at the head of a coalition whose object was to overthrow the 'dictatorship' of General Chiang Kai-shek, one easily perceives that there are divergencies between these two men in regard to past, present, and future. Moreover, between the leader of the military forces of a country whose army absorbs more than ninety per cent of the budget and the Minister of Finance, who has a civil rather than a military point of view on national reconstruction, there are also bound to be considerable differences.

But it would be a mistake to conclude that this influential coalition is on the verge of dissolution. General Chiang Kai-shek did once dream of setting up a personal dictatorship, but when he realized that power could be established only on new battlefields he gave up this plan and formed an alliance with his former enemy, Wang Ching-wei, who represents a different political tendency. As long as these two men remain together, they assure the solidarity of the party; apart, they would precipitate its ruin.

Moreover, in the case of T. V. Soong relationship by marriage does not unite the financier and the General so closely as the higher interests of the state and their own interests. General Chiang Kai-shek is not so much of a soldier that he cannot see other national necessities. The great project of agricultural reform that he is considering putting into effect in regions reconquered from the Communists and his active interest in the construction of highways prove this. Moreover, the General knows that an army cannot be maintained without money and that nobody is more capable than his brother-in-law in procuring it. As for T. V. Soong, he knows that it is impossible to govern China without military force and that only Chiang Kai-shek has enough authority to give the Government the instrument of power that it needs. Thus this triumvirate rests on the most solid kind of base, the personal interests of its members, combined with the interests of the nation as a whole.

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The originator of the Social Credit theory expounds his ideas over the British radio and a humorous Laborite applies them to the World Power Conference.

Toward a New Economics

Two Unorthodox Britons

I. The Case for Social Credit

By Major C. H. Douglas

From *The Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

THERE is little doubt,—or indeed, difference of opinion,—in circles familiar with these matters, that the root of the world's unrest is to be found in the working of the financial system. A glut of goods on the one hand, combined with the capacity to produce still more goods; and an immense unsatisfied demand for goods, verging on poverty, on the other hand, is ample proof that it is the link between production and consumption which is faulty. The link between production and consumption is money. At this point, however, there is a broad divergence of opinion into a school which suggests that the financial system came down from Heaven and is in itself perfect, while only man, and particularly the banker, is vile; and a school of thought, to which I belong, which suggests that man and the banker would have to be a good deal viler than they are to make such a mess of a perfect system as would produce the state of affairs existing in the world to-day. To us, the key to the present distresses is in the word 'debt,' with its converse 'credit,' and we say that under modern conditions the present financial system automatically creates debts in excess of the power of the public to liquidate them by its outstanding credits.

We know why this is so. The creation of real wealth, goods and services, does not create the money to buy those goods and services. Money is created by the banking system in the same way as if it were created by

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printing bank notes, and it reaches the community as a debt to the bank, unless issued in payment for securities, which constitute the control of capital assets. If I grow a ton of potatoes, I do not grow the money to buy a ton of potatoes. The banking system makes the money and claims it as its own, and lends it, upon its own terms. Since this money will 'buy' my potatoes they belong potentially, with everything else, to the banks. The money issued by the modern financial system, with the exception of what we might call 'small change,' is therefore issued as a mortgage and pays interest to the banking system. If it is a loan, it pays interest directly. If it has been issued in return for the sale to the banks of stocks or shares (since the banks rarely buy anything but debentures or preference stocks), the interest on these stocks also forms a perpetual charge on the money issued. Not merely the interest on the mortgage, however, but the mortgage itself has to be paid off, and the money value both of the interest and of the repayment of the mortgage can only be collected from the public through the agency of prices or, in the case of government debt, of taxes. As a result of this, the general level of prices is too high for the consumer and too low for the producer. The truth of this contention is proved by the mounting figures of debt, which show that we are not from day to day paying our way, and it is significant that this increase of debt is greatest in times of greatest industrial activity, culminating in a situation that produces what we call a 'slump,' accompanied by a repudiation of debts both public and private.

Now it is obvious that there is a great difference between a debt that represents the loan of money laboriously saved through a lifetime of hard work and invested, let us say, in industrial shares or in a small business and the much larger debts that are created by the banking system by writing figures in a book or by printing notes or lending them. The genuine investments of the public for the most part go to pay off bank loans or costless money that were issued for the purpose of producing real capital in the form of machinery or buildings, and when these loans have been repaid by the investment of the public there is no money outstanding in respect of these capital assets; it has been destroyed by the bank. The new owners, however, by industrial cost accounting endeavor to sell the real assets to the public by including them in the price charged for goods and services, and as the money equivalent of these prices does not exist, they fail, or, as the phrase goes, 'their businesses do not pay.'

This portion of the problem, while puzzling, can be shortly stated. The present financial system claims payment in money for the creation of money itself. Since it creates all money, payment in money for the use of money can be made only by creating fresh debt. In addition to this claim by the bank for the use of its money, the industrialist, with much more reason, claims payment for the use of his real plant and buildings; and he claims it also in money. Neither he nor the banking system, however, re-creates the necessary money to enable this payment to be made by the public.

This situation is progressively serious, since modern production is machine or capital production rather than hand or labor production, so that the

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proportion of wages and salaries to capital charges is progressively less. We have, therefore, two problems to solve: first, to make it possible for the general population to buy the goods that are produced by a diminishing number of people and an increasing amount of machinery without going deeper and deeper into debt; and, secondly, to do this by a method that does not require the whole of the population to be employed. Obviously, we do not do this by the dole system, which merely takes away from one part of the population, by taxation, a certain amount of money for the benefit of the unemployed, but does not in any way increase the total amount of money available.

II

What are commonly referred to as the 'Douglas credit proposals' consist of a recognition of this situation and a number of varying proposals designed to meet it. While the principles of these proposals remain substantially the same, the proposals themselves are capable of considerable variation, and are, in the nature of things, bound to be somewhat complex. The main feature of these proposals consists in an issue of money, devoted partly to enabling a large reduction of prices to be made while ensuring a proper return to the producer of goods, and partly to furnishing an increasing dividend to every British citizen. This issue provides the purchasing power necessary to form a demand upon the producing system, either up to the capacity of the producing system to meet it, or until the needs of the population are met, whichever is the smaller, and by their adjustment the new situation created by machine production can be met. There is no more difficulty in creating the money for this purpose than there was in creating the enormous sums of money required to prosecute the European War, which amounted to nearly ten millions sterling per day. It can be done without introducing any features into our financial system that are novel in mechanism. Since this money would be retired either by its use in purchasing consumable goods or in the purchase by the public of the securities that represent capital assets, in the same manner in which the sale of securities by a bank destroys money, it would not remain as a debt against the public.

Let us turn for a few minutes to the results that would follow the institution of proposals based upon such principles. Poverty, and, perhaps even more important still, the fear of poverty would disappear forever from this country. At the outset, there would be a large increase in employment, since the money would be forthcoming to enable purchases to be made from the shops, and those purchases, by emptying the shops, would fill the factories with orders for goods to replace them. The producer in every grade of life would be assured of a reasonable return for his activities, and, by being delivered from the fear of the irrational booms and slumps that are caused by an irresponsible and defective monetary policy, would be encouraged to employ the best machinery, the best methods, and the best men. As a result of this, we should find quality becoming a more important matter than price. But perhaps the most immediately important effect would be upon international relations, which are a

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matter more of economics than of what is commonly called 'good will.'

The inability of the population of any modern industrial country to buy the goods that it itself produces makes competition for foreign markets the inevitable policy of any government, no matter what political label may be attached to it. Since all modern countries are becoming industrialized, it is an impossibility that all countries can export more than they import, and this situation is that which is at the root of modern wars. By the institution of a modified financial system that would rectify this lack of balance between purchasing power and collective prices, and at the same time remove the economic distress that now accompanies unemployment, this pressure to export would immediately be relieved. This does not mean that foreign trade would cease. On the contrary. It is clear that if we cannot buy the goods we ourselves produce, we cannot buy goods that are exchanged for them at the same price. But the ability to buy our own goods sets us free to exchange goods with other nations upon equitable terms. It seems impossible to doubt that such exchange would both take place and increase as the progress of the industrial arts enabled all of us to employ more of our time in enjoying the things that we produce rather than in making them for the purpose of export to undeveloped countries.

You may very reasonably ask, if the difficulties of the world are in essence bookkeeping difficulties, which they are, why it should be so difficult to alter them. I am afraid that there is only one answer to this. Imagine yourselves possessed of the sole legal right to create money. Would you be inclined to listen to arguments that would severely modify this monopoly? Probably not. Financial institutions have such a monopoly, and are fighting to retain it. For this reason the first step to a better state of affairs is a wider public understanding of the existence and nature of this 'monopoly of credit,' as it is called. I am so convinced myself that a majority of bankers, particularly in this country, are themselves only operators of a system that they take for granted that I have little doubt that public opinion could be brought effectively to bear upon the international minority who may, perhaps, be considered as unteachable.

II. The Danger of Engineers

By 'Yaffle'

From the *New Leader*, London Weekly Organ of the Independent Labor Party

THE success of the Economic Conference is seriously threatened by the World Power Conference, which opened at Copenhagen last week. It is dangerous because it consists largely of engineers. By the very nature of their calling, engineers tend to pursue aims that are diametrically opposed to the aims of the Economic Conference, and (therefore) the true interests of society. Their natural aim is the increase and distribution of wealth.

Engineers seldom have a social

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conscience. Their outlook on life is entirely materialistic. They aim at increasing the fruits of man's labor, and diminishing the labor, but they never pause to inquire whether it is in the best interests of mankind that wealth should be distributed or labor diminished. A moment's reference to any speech by any statesman, banker, or economist will show that it is not.

The good men who represent us at the Economic Conference have far higher motives than distributing wealth and making wheels go round. They are concerned solely with currency and credit; with currency, in order to decide by what particular technique it shall remain short of requirements; with credit, to ensure that it shall be kept unrelated to the community's wealth, and out of the hands of the community. Their purpose is an entirely moral one: to maintain their people in virtuous poverty in spite of the efforts of the engineers and other wealth-creators.

This lofty purpose is threatened by the Power Conference. I read that the chief British contribution to the discussions will be a 'summary of the industrial power supply in Great Britain.' That is ominous. It means that while the Economic Conference is deciding how poor we shall pretend to be the Power Conference will be deciding how rich we really are.

Apart from moral issues, these technicians have a sort of argument. They will say that economic science has not kept pace with the advance of technical science. And it is true that while mechanical power has been revolutionized since the War all the financial and other devices by which our great statesmen propose to revive prosperity date from before the War. But the danger is that, having discovered how much they could do, the engineers will start asking what it is that is stopping them from doing it.

II

Already there is evidence of the danger. I recently attended a meeting of engineers in London, where they discussed the preparation of a report showing to what extent the present resources of the nation could raise the standard of living. And several of them got up and said that if they did that the public would only say, 'Where's the money to come from?' and that therefore they had better look into the money system first.

Now, if these engineers do investigate the money system, they will do so with the same purely practical attitude, the same disregard of moral issues, with which they investigate a short circuit or a missing cylinder. And, if they find that it is the money system that is holding up their industrial machine, they will regard the financier just as they regard a bit of grit in a feed pipe. So far from regarding British grit and enterprise as twin virtues, they will say that the grit is spoiling the enterprise.

Another danger is this: We have so far managed to persuade the people that the origin of money is mysterious. We have persuaded them that, although it is money that makes the wheels of industry go round, yet in some mysterious way it is only the turning of those wheels that brings money into existence. Now, such an idea can be accepted by almost any kind of man but an engineer. You could not convince an engineer that a machine generates its own power unless it

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actually did; and if it did, you could not persuade him that that power cannot be analyzed or controlled.

For example, if a motor stops for lack of petrol and the driver demands more petrol, the correct reply, from the standpoint of sound economics, is, 'It is only the running of the engine that creates the petrol, therefore you cannot have any more petrol until the engine starts again.' And the correct thing for the driver to do, if he is a loyal citizen, is to sit down on his running board for the next few years and wait for the tide to turn. But if you talked like that to an engineer he would not even bother to argue. He would just push his way to the petrol pump and help himself.

It is, therefore, inevitable that as soon as these engineers discover that their industrial power is held up for lack of the motive power, money, they will find out what money is and where it comes from. They will apply the same purely practical test to it as they do to any other kind of fuel. They will discover that money is much easier to make than most of the things it buys. And, just as they cannot see any reason for withholding fuel from a machine when the fuel is easy to get, so they will say they can't see why the industrial machine should be kept short of money when money is so easy to make. It will be no use talking to them about a gold or any other metal standard. They will say that the only test of a metal is whether it improves the machine, and that the only standard they recognize is efficiency.

I don't say for certain that the engineers will say all this. I say they might. If they do, we shall be faced with a far more dangerous alignment of class antagonisms than the old one of workers versus capitalist employers. We shall be faced with a revolt of bourgeois technicians. This is far worse. Instead of being the natural defense of the capitalists against the workers, they will have the moneyless masses behind them. You can always talk the workers out of demanding money, but you can't talk a technician out of being technical. And their revolt will be all the more dangerous because they won't think it is a revolt, but only common sense.

Therefore, I say the Power Conference must be stopped. The police must break it up as they do unemployed processions or gunpowder plots or any other attempts to undermine the basis of the social system. For if the engineers start inquiring into the working of the money system they will do far more damage to the Treasury than Guy Fawkes would have done with his ineffectual fireworks.

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The story of how an Anglo-Saxon preacher tried to sell Bibles on the sugar fields of Cuba, told by a native.

The Reverend Mr. Lewis

By Luis Felipe Rodríguez

Translated from *Repertorio Americano*
Costa Rica Liberal Weekly

YOU can't ask plantation workers to give way to sentiment and be polite to the good souls who visit the cane field. Figures don't lie, as the sugar-mill bookkeeper always says. And, if everything in the Cubanacán Sugar Company is regulated by immutable truth, why should sentiment deceive poor devils who hardly earn enough to create the illusion that they are living off the sweat of their brows? That is why we plantation workers did not notice that something—or someone—was approaching. At first I imagined that a phantom had arisen among us; but, checking my Creole imagination and wiping my eyes with the back of my hand, I came to see that it was not a phantom but the Reverend Mr. Lewis, the subtle and ceremonious gentleman from Jamaica who had come to the cane field to reveal to us the forgotten word of Christ, and, in passing, to sell us the Holy Bible, which he eloquently displayed before us with this redeeming verse, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

I said to Mr. Lewis, 'Welcome, pastor, you are among comrades and brothers. Relieve yourself of the burden of your Bibles and take off your coat.'

The Reverend deposited his sacred burden on the black earth, but did not remove his clerical coat. Looking behind him, he replied with sharp, sugary piety, 'Ah, it is not a painful burden for me, as I feel in my soul the warmth of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

'True enough, Reverend. Warmth is not in one's clothes. I see that I spoke nonsense. Clothes should proclaim the dignity of the ministry exercised by man. Everyone knows that the clothes make the monk.'

'You have understood me,' grunted Mr. Lewis.

In the group gathered about this meek envoy one could read, as in the separate pages of a single book, the

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composite soul of twenty cane cutters bound together by an almost identical destiny. It was the soul of the Antilles in miniature, expressing in the eyes of a Dominican or Puerto Rican skeptical curiosity, in the eyes of a Cuban mocking irreverence, and in the eyes of the Haitians neither affirmation nor denial. Only the eyes of the Jamaicans were filled with submission and respect, and I said to myself, 'Long years of the Bible and English government have not been in vain.' Yet I well knew, in spite of this exception, that the dross of our ancestral sins and the elemental gold of our noblest dreams are dissolved in the same sea.

Mr. Lewis began a kind of religious service to save the soul of the sinner, but few Bibles were sold—only two, which the followers of the word of Christ read in turn.

'Let all be for the love of Christ,' he concluded, not very well satisfied.

The Dominican, with a sharp purpose in his eyes, said, 'Reverend, if you have n't got much to do, come again on Saturday, as some tenant farmers with money usually come down then. Fico Larrachea, the good brother of Saint Francis of Assisi, charitably protects the Haitians who work for him cheaply, and he has two sons who ought to be Christianized, for they don't even believe in the kindness of their own father. Moreover, he always has this refrain on his lips, not to say snout, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that don't belong to the sugar mill." Believe me, Reverend, Fico Larrachea has a great heart.'

I am not sure whether the practical aspect of his Christian mission yielded Mr. Lewis the best results, but it is certain that, after he had walked about the plantation a few days, he won our confidence (thus losing part of his Biblical character). Even the Puerto Rican enjoyed amusing himself at the Reverend's expense, and Mr. Lewis's morals, based on the ideals of Christian matrimony, were put to the test many times. The plantation had only one woman, a wife or something or other of a Jamaican called Fred. I don't know whether Fred lacked eyes or refused to see, but the fact is that the Puerto Rican and the Dominican tried to upset the normal life of our only married couple. Before the islanders from Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico Mr. Lewis therefore quoted verses of the Bible against the lascivious sin of illegitimate desire. And the Dominican, who had his own special point of view concerning free love, replied, 'Reverend, it is in this way that we are preparing for the society of the future. For the time being, this is the only communism within our reach and the only one permitted to us by the democracy of the democracies of America.'

II

On that Sunday, Chano Galbán, a son of Santo Domingo who had fallen upon the cane field like a violent October storm, also decided to amuse himself at the Reverend's expense. It was not a bad idea to play a little joke and relieve the tedium of the monotonous days on the cane field, where Galbán, according to his own words, wielded the knife in order to acquaint himself with this aspect of life in the Antilles. Therefore, while Mr. Lewis was edifying us with the last verse before his departure, he hid the pack-

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age of Bibles, being curious to observe and test the faith of this humble servant of Jesus Christ.

'Well, brothers, I shall go, for he who bears upon his mortal flesh the light burden of the Lord is not permitted to linger at any one spot on the earth. He who commands me is a river of life that never stays because it passes through all channels. I say to you in farewell, it is a man of little faith who does not put his trust in the hands of Him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."'

Automatically, Mr. Lewis started to take up his package of Bibles, but his right hand found nothing. He turned to seek with his left, but there was nothing upon that spot of Creole soil. Then his glance traced an inquisitive circle. Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing . . . A slight impatience made him blink while his feet enlarged the circle of inquiry. Where could the package of Bibles be, Lord? It was not a piece of meat that the barracks dog would carry off; much less money, which always arouses the covetousness of sinners. Then why was the package not beside him? It was impious to think that the earth had swallowed it. In order to meditate better he concentrated inwardly like a future butterfly in its cocoon. His head moved from side to side with the rhythm of a pendulum. No, no . . . He had not forgotten it and left it somewhere. He had brought it with him on his right shoulder, which still bore the imprint of its weight. Well then? The Reverend Mr. Lewis meditated again. For a brief instant he caught my eye with an impatient glance that seemed to ask, 'Do you know, by any chance, where my package of Bibles has gone?'

Maliciously, I did not reply. More sternly, he directed the same mute interrogation at the others. As if by agreement, they expressed ignorance with their shoulders. Truly, the Lord had chosen that day on which to try his humble servant. But in the land of evil everything has its limits, everything has its Alpha and Omega. With a new impatience, almost bordering on the sin of anger, the Reverend Mr. Lewis finally said, 'Gentlemen, if anyone has taken my package of Bibles as a joke, give it back to me, for I am going. God punishes people who take things from their neighbors, even with the best of intentions.'

Chano Galbán then answered very seriously, 'Reverend, this suspicion is a sin. Nobody here has taken your package.'

The Puerto Rican cast an ironic glance at the sky, as if to ask, 'Sky, do you know where the package of Bibles is? If you've taken it, throw it down into my hands, for the Reverend is leaving.'

III

The Reverend, now with the sin of rage upon his soul, said peremptorily, 'Come, my package. I brought it here, and it is here that it was stolen from me.'

'Reverend, we are humble cane cutters, not thieves.'

'Anyone who takes things that don't belong to him, without the consent of the owner, is a thief. In my country robbery is punished with a strong hand. The laws of England are very severe and just. Conditions are not like what they are here.'

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'Reverend, you are insulting us. Look, everywhere big fish eat little ones, and things made of honey are soon covered with ants. Our sweat is taken from us by natives as well as by foreigners, and we have no one to turn to. Do as we do, and place your cause in the hands of Jesus Christ.'

The Reverend answered, 'Christ speaks of the salvation of the soul, but when it comes to temporal interests there is the justice of the rural guard. If my package is not returned to me this very instant I shall make a complaint at headquarters.'

'Would you be capable of doing that, Reverend? One would not think it of a Christian.'

'Neither is it Christian to steal from a man who is aiding in the work of the Lord. The Lord said, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."'

An open and at the same time suppressed peal of laugher from that earthy group of rowdies cut short the last words of the Reverend. Then Chano Galbán, taking from its little hiding place the package of Bibles, gave it to Mr. Lewis, saying sarcastically, 'Here, Reverend; it was just a joke. Forgive us if we have committed a sin.'

Mr. Lewis took his package and opened it to see if everything was there; then he hoisted it upon his shoulder, and, by way of farewell, said severely, 'In the name of Christ I forgive you because you have returned my package intact, but another time temporal interests must be respected.'

The Reverend Mr. Lewis started to walk in the direction of the village of Hormiga Loca. Behind him followed a unanimous peal of laughter from those twenty cane cutters. No, I should say eighteen, for the two Jamaicans, through solidarity, did not laugh.

'We've had a good time,' said Chano Galbán.

'This should be christened with rum,' said I. 'It may have been a little cruel to the harmless devil who earns his living in the name of the Lord; but, really, it's a little too much when he tells us, "Put your burden in the hands of Jesus Christ," while the others place theirs in the hands of the soldiers and the judge. However, Christ was also judged.'

Chano Galbán, who, as a good Creole Dominican, regarded everything as a joke, surveyed the plantation where on the morrow he would have to make his way through the Antilles cane field and almost cried out, with a smile on his lips and unrestrained emotion in his voice, 'Christ, Christ, they are pulling the wool over our eyes in your name, but in your name we must fight for your true words of love and justice.'

I, Marcos Antilla, remembering that not for nothing was I also a Creole, said, laughing aloud to the wind, 'Listen Chano, did you say that seriously?'

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Two new novels about Asia, one by a Frenchman, the other by a Korean, are reviewed at length by eminent critics.

Light *out of* ASIA

French and German Views

I. Malraux's Masterpiece

By Gabriel Marcel

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Foreign-Affairs Weekly

THE critic who greatly admires a book which, strictly speaking, he does not love, a book with which he feels no immediate personal affinity, experiences a sensation that is both tonic and painful. That is exactly the way I feel about *La Condition Humaine*. This difficult, tense, even hypertense, suffocating book is almost intolerable at times, yet it achieves such paradoxical consistency in its atrocity that it is unquestionably great. One must write of it in a different kind of ink from what one uses when praising a book as 'interesting,' 'delicate,' or 'original,' a book that leaves only the most uncertain kind of impression even on the man who is trying to detect its qualities.

On this occasion we find ourselves confronted with an extraordinary, sincere, and even burning expression of one of the few really vigorous personalities that exist in modern French letters. This word 'personality' must be stressed, and in my opinion one of the chief merits of *La Condition Humaine* is that it is exempt from literature. Some pages possess great beauty even from the artistic point of view, but they were not written through love of art. I really pity anyone who does not keep feeling as if his throat were being gripped by the undeniable, unique power of this testament—I do not dare to use the word 'confession,' since that word has an inappropriate ring.

La Condition Humaine is the faithful reflection of a conscience that has unceasingly and anxiously inquired of itself how man alone, without assistance, dependent solely on himself in a universe that is crushing him, can

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follow his own path and confer some value on an existence that of itself is as close to nothingness as possible and is exposed at every point to suffering and agony. Nietzsche faced the same problem, but here it confronts a young writer who grew up in an infinitely more confused and grievously wounded world, although it is easy enough to trace the connection between the two. It is not only a sick world but a world that Malraux feels rather than thinks is beyond cure.

Any kind of optimism—I do not mean in the metaphysical but in the social sense—is foreign to him. His liking for militant Communism reveals the insurmountable disgust that this same Communism would inspire in him if it became triumphant and universal. Moreover, I have the impression that normal relationships between human beings do not seem to exist for him and that he would even deny them or at least write them down as almost worthless. Here is a partial explanation of the almost intolerable impression that this book makes. It plunges us into a universe of nightmares in which those who are torturers to-day will be the victims to-morrow and from which one can escape only by means of opium, gambling, a mania for superstitions, and occasional erotic release. But at bottom all these things are illusions. 'In truth,' writes M. Malraux, 'Gisors thought that if the world was without reality the very men who were most opposed to it must possess a very strong reality.' This also seems to me the fundamental conviction of the author himself.

'"It is very rare,"' says the same Gisors, '"that a man can support—how shall I put it?—his condition as a man." He thought of one of Kyo's ideas: everything for which men will let themselves be killed, above and beyond their own interests, tends more or less confusedly to justify that condition by basing it on dignity—Christianity for the slave, the nation for the citizens, Communism for the worker.'

II

A preliminary objection occurs to the reader's mind. Why situate in revolutionary China, which we do not know and whose destiny hardly occupies our minds at all, the plot of a novel that poses the problem of the condition of man throughout its ample length? One must reply that the visit M. Malraux paid to China several years ago left a profound mark on his imagination. It was there and not somewhere else that he came into contact with the drama that is now being enacted with the whole world as its stage. This being the case, why should he have gone to the trouble of shifting the scene? I presume that in his eyes the setting of the Far East amounts to very little. He has made no compromises with the picturesque and the exotic. He takes it for granted that the reader is already somewhat familiar with the world that he is describing—a policy that is not without its drawbacks. Scenes that are quite special in themselves and that he conjures up before our eyes with a power that is sometimes bewildering achieve a kind of maximum concentration of the forces that are at work everywhere on our planet of perdition.

To quote Leibnitz: 'It is—or will be—everywhere as here.' Between the prisons of Shanghai and the jails of Hitler, Stalin, and the Fascisti there is

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no fundamental difference. Nobody can tell but what we may all be summoned after a brief delay to experience under hardly different conditions the same horror that is a constant element in M. Malraux's book. Whatever else may be true, it is that this horror cannot be considered accidental. It arises from the release of those subterranean powers that Keyserling unmasked with such courageous clarity in his *South American Meditations*. I therefore do not believe that objections to the form of the book hold water. All that can be said is that the world of M. Malraux is undoubtedly a mutilated world and one as close as possible to what has been called hell at every period. Any sense of heaven seems to me to have been denied the author of *La Condition Humaine*, who, I repeat, remains the prisoner of a metaphysical pessimism compared to which that of Schopenhauer seems like an anodyne.

Here is a limitation, though not really a defect. Millions of men to-day think as Malraux does, or would think that way if they had the courage to look into their own depths. How much more worthy of respect is this lucid despair than the false ideology that takes precedence over it to-day in nearly all our teaching, an ideology that gravitates around ideas that experience is revealing as more and more inane.

III

It would be easy to summarize the book and not give even the remotest idea of what it is all about. A little group of Communists in Shanghai, having procured by assassination arms that were destined for the Government, inaugurate a general strike and thus facilitate the occupation of the city by Chiang Kai-shek's revolutionary army. The hopes that they have placed in him are to be deceived. Far from playing the Communist game, he turns against them as soon as he is master of the city. An attempt on his life fails lamentably and is followed by terrible reprisals. Most of the conspirators, unable to poison themselves in time, are thrown alive into the boiler of a locomotive. Some of them succeed in escaping. They make their way to Russia and perhaps will return to China some day to continue the work that they have begun.

In general, the descriptions of street fighting seem to me long, obscure, and frankly boring. The gift of story-telling is certainly not one of Malraux's innate qualities. He experiences a certain difficulty in making us see what he himself distinctly perceives, and it should also be added that the details of these bloody episodes do not interest us much. I must recognize, however, that in a book of this type pictures of civil war could not be eliminated. I merely think that they are too much to the fore.

What is remarkable in every respect is the portraits that the author paints of his characters in action. Gisors, former professor of sociology in Peking, has to quit his post after the publication of an article displeasing to the government authorities. All his sympathies go out to the revolutionaries, and yet an abyss separates him from them. He is a contemplative man who achieves inner liberation only by means of opium. He feels a profound and impotent tenderness for Kyo, his son by a Japanese wife, for

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Kyo is quite different from him. 'The heroic sense had been given him as a form of discipline, not as a justification for life. He was not anxious. His life had a meaning and he knew it: to give each of these men who were dying at that very moment from famine, as from a slow disease, possession of his own dignity . . . There is no dignity possible, no real life, for a man who works twelve hours a day without knowing why he works. This work must acquire a meaning, become a fatherland . . .'

Kyo is married to a German girl, May, who is a doctor in one of the chief Shanghai hospitals. She is an intelligent, courageous woman free from all bourgeois prejudices. Although she does not stop loving Kyo she accidentally gives herself to a colleague at the hospital because he wanted her so much and it was not going to have any consequences. She tells her husband because she always understood that they would both keep their own liberty and that their union existed on a higher plane. Kyo receives this confession with a contraction of the heart. He suffers, feels humiliated, and is astonished at himself for feeling a distress that he cannot justify in his own eyes. Anguish also seizes May.

This scene possesses poignant humanity. The only criticism one can formulate is that it is presented a little too abruptly. Through it we make our first acquaintance with May and her relations with Kyo. It is therefore somewhat difficult to interpret the words of the two characters at their real value. We do not quite know whether May deceived her husband through sensuality or through a mixture of indifference and pity. However, it seems clear to me as the incident is described that she is a noble person capable of real fidelity but ignorant or contemptuous of immediate sentimental reactions. Yet she yielded to the compassion that the man who desired her inspired. This is contradictory up to a certain point, but possible nevertheless.

Kyo has a Chinese friend, Cheng, who received a Christian education but shifted his activities to the political field. Everything drove him in that direction, 'the hope of a different world; the possibility of eating, though miserably; the satisfaction of his hatreds, his thoughts, his character.' In the beginning of the book it is he who assassinates a man in order to gain possession of the paper for which the arms on board the *Shantung* will be exchanged at sight. This murder arouses a kind of passionate terrorism in Cheng that frightens even himself. He confesses to Gisors, who used to be his master, and Gisors can only understand and forgive. It is also Cheng who later tries to assassinate Chiang Kai-shek by sacrificing himself, since his attempt is a case of pure suicide. Then there is Katov, the Russian who gives the poison that he had counted on taking himself to two unfortunate companions who are overwhelmed by their fear of imminent torture, and this scene, which is the most poignant in the book, can be compared in my opinion only to certain episodes in the most famous Russian novels.

The reader of *La Condition Humaine* will not forget Clappique, the superstitious gambler who lingers in a gambling house at the decisive moment and is therefore the cause of Kyo's arrest, since he did not warn

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Kyo in time that the police were searching every meeting place at which conspirators might assemble. How many other characters might be recalled and how many striking scenes. I should like to express some reservations about the character of Ferral, president of the Franco-Asiatic Corporation, in whom M. Malraux has tried to incarnate the will to organize that in his eyes is the basis of big capitalism. This character, like Gisors and Clappique, would have found a means of escape if he had not been entangled in the tentacles of tyrannic sensuality. Valérie, his mistress, revolts against his demands, against the contempt in which he holds her, which is inseparable from the need he feels for her. She breaks with him cynically. An atrocious sense of humiliation then invades him and at the same time he discovers that in all his erotic frenzy he had been interested only in himself. Our solitude is without remedy, or, as Gisors says, 'the knowledge of a person is a negative sentiment' that we try to compensate for by resorting to our mind; 'the positive sentiment, reality, is the anguish of always being foreign to what one loves.'

Here emerges an unexpected kind of connection between Proust and Malraux. Only it must be added that all sense of an act as a metaphysical reality was lacking in the author of *Temps perdu*, whereas here that reality is a permanent obsession. In my opinion, the book closes by condemning Gisors, who refuses, after the death of his son, to follow May into Russia, and falls back on contemplation that is without content since it is concerned only with the vanity of everything.

IV

If there is any philosophy in *La Condition Humaine*, it is an apology for the act as an act, and this apology becomes grafted on to a kind of absolute denial of the cosmos, a negation of any given reality, of any given value. But it is certainly not an accident that the most beautiful pages in the book are those that have death as their theme—the death of Cheng, the death of Kyo, the death of Katov.

'"There is something beautiful about being dead," thought Gisors. He felt trembling within himself a fundamental suffering, not the kind that arises from people or things but the kind that springs from man himself and from which life tries to carry us away. He might escape it, but only by ceasing to think of it; and he plunged into it deeper and deeper as if this terrified contemplation were the only voice that death could hear, as if this suffering of existence with which he impregnated himself to the depths of his heart were the only prayer that the body of his slain son could hear.'

This obsession with suffering and death gives the book its unique resonance, its extraordinary power. M. Malraux forces his adversaries to follow him to the depths of this despair and desolation. If they do not look as he does with clear eyes into that mysterious evil from which current doctrines are too much inclined to try to distract us, they are conquered in advance, for they can meet his desperate but fearless proof only with verbal trickery and scholastics that do not bite into reality. Between a pessimism infinitely close

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to his own and an absolute Christianity that accepts and even demands the supernatural, I am not sure there is to-day any intermediate position that can be held permanently. For my part, I can perceive between the two camps only fortifications that are difficult to defend and that are all doomed to a defeat that may come soon. *La Condition Humaine* possesses the signal merit that, whatever repugnance and even aversion it may excite, it has fixed our eyes with implacable rigor on perhaps the most tragic moment that humanity has undergone since the Christian era.

II. Korea Speaks

By Kasimir Edschmid

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National Socialist Daily

A YOUNG Korean, Younghill Kang, tells his own life story and that of Korea in a beautiful, exciting, politically informative book entitled *Das Grasdach* (Leipzig: Paul List Verlag, 1933, 6.80 marks). He throws more light on Asia's past and present than one would expect to find even in a less romantic book. He describes his country at the moment when its many-thousand-year-old culture, in which he had been brought up, collapsed and Japan laid waste the land.

'Within a few minutes,' says this young Korean, 'one understood the Japanese, whereas it takes years to understand the Chinese. The Korean is caught between the two nations. He has his own individuality and is neither Chinese nor Japanese. The Japanese is dust beneath his feet and the Chinese is a hair on his leg. He finds it easy to weep bitterly as a result of his wounded national pride. He remains a proud Korean even after his fatherland is destroyed.'

Yet when the Japanese took this country it had no army. And since March 1919, when the writers and students of Korea declared their country's independence by composing fine slogans and shouting 'Mansei' ('May Korea live ten thousand years'), Japanese soldiers have occupied the land. One of the three parts of the solemn vow that the Koreans made at that time runs as follows: 'Your words and your deeds shall be stainless, pure, and honorable to the end.' The declaration of independence was signed 'in the month of March in the 4,252nd year of the Korean Empire.' The thirty-three Korean signatories, who represented the intellectual aristocracy of the country, went to a banquet after they had signed their names, telephoned their statement and their names to the Japanese officials, and waited with cheerful resignation to be arrested and tortured, spending their time reading the classic poems of their people.

The young man who tells his life story and the end of Korea's five-thousand-year history gives an involuntary but artistic representation of the curious structure of his country and its twenty million inhabitants. Its whole way of living and whole form of government seem to the European to be exactly modeled on

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Plato and to combine pure poetry, education, civic life, and rustic virtues to an incredible degree.

II

The young man grows up in a little country village. His family is so poor that it often has nothing to eat all day, but it is one of the oldest families in Korea and proudly regards itself as one of the most cultivated. For in the life of Korea education plays a part that at first makes a fantastic impression. The peasants spend all night discussing the interpretation of poems thousands of years old, and when the moon appears they go out in their gardens and write verses. They say of other families, 'These families are rich and therefore not so well educated as ourselves.' This attitude is not esoteric. The whole people share it and all of them write poetry.

On one occasion, when Japanese soldiers arrest the young man on his way back from Seoul, they find that his baggage consists of nothing but the notebook in which he writes his poems. They laugh at this, but the Korean is amused by their laughter, for it is a sign of the barbarism to which he and his whole nation feel so enormously superior. At all the rustic village festivals, at all ceremonies and sacrificial rites, poems are written and displayed over the houses like flags. An uncle of the author has attained the highest rank there is in Korea by reason of his education and poetic skill and is therefore permitted to wear a kind of cylindrical hat that sets him apart from his fellows. Everyone in Korea knows this writer by name, for the whole people live in an atmosphere of philosophy and literature.

The author also emphasizes that his uncle possesses a remarkable physique and used to be one of the best wrestlers of his generation, but that he laid little store by his prowess, since his ambition had always been to write good poetry. Even his old grandmother writes verses, and his father, who in accordance with Korean custom has all his relations by marriage living with him, and who must feed them though he is only a small peasant and hand laborer, writes poetry and knows the poems that go to make up his country's thousands of years of history.

The author also tells what the position of women used to be in Korea before the year 1919. At that time a woman used to get married without having seen her husband. 'The Korean girl does not marry for love but out of respect for her parents and for the laws of Confucius, that is, out of respect for tradition. The men, too, regard their marriage as merely setting up a home and a family. They consider that it has nothing to do with any specific woman.' Later, writing about America, he adds, 'Our way seems to me much more simple and natural than the complicated relationships between people in the West, who really aim at the same thing.'

Women serve the family institution and continue the race, and therefore they are held in the highest esteem. But women are not expected to possess education. Only the geisha girls require that. The beautiful Korean courtesans are not only expected to be adepts at love; they are also required to be poetesses. The high point

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in their career arrives when they become the friend or mistress of a famous poet, when they inspire him and recite their poems to him.

There used to be a time in Europe also when the upper class was so well educated that only the poet enjoyed the fame that is now attached to any extraordinary man. During this high period of lyricism all the knights and princes of Europe 'sang.' They sang when they went into battle and when they were confined in prison, but when a whole nation is educated on poetry, as is the case in Korea, it is a unique marvel.

III

This Korean novel covers the period during which a dream five thousand years old had to surrender to a world in which machine guns, favorable trade balances, and machinery are trying to bring forth a new form of life, a world that attracts even the educated youth of Korea to Japanese universities in order that they may understand their enemy. The profound note of tragedy that runs through this book is the sorrow of a young man who loves his country and its customs above everything else, but who recognizes that the dream of his ancestors is lost and that he must be among the first to understand the new sciences and the new world. But the name of Darwin does not fill him with awe, because everyone has read Chwang-tsze and learned that scholars a thousand years ago had similar theories concerning the origins of man. As for Carlyle, he thinks that the man must have read a great deal about Buddhism. This intellectual superiority emanates from everything, not only from the author himself, but from the whole Korean nation, which is filled with national pride and hatred of Japan. 'If a person is too great and distinguished to be a Japanese and too educated to be a Chinese, then he surely must come from Korea.'

The book is something more than a beautiful, suggestive description of a foreign childhood; it is the purest literature and an introduction to the spiritual life of Asia. Two worlds confront each other with dramatic power—the world of pure force incarnated by Japan and the world of pure spirit represented by old Korea, where ownership of a hat of a certain shape stamps the man who wears it as the pride of the nation and guarantees him recognition in any part of his country. Japanese imperialism confronts the older national feeling of a country that had previously defended itself with poetry and, aware of its own intellectual power, had begun a revolution that was to be fought out exclusively in verse. The yearning for freedom and the lofty, deep-rooted national feeling of the Korean confront the fanatical national consciousness of the Japanese. But no indication is given as to what the outcome of this conflict will be, for only history can decide that, and history thinks in long epochs and takes time to develop. Nevertheless, one's understanding of Asia, of its inner and outer conflicts and the struggles between different nations and mentalities, is tremendously enriched and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions from the passionate world that is depicted. After all, the dream world and the political world displayed here reveal the same tensions that occur throughout the whole earth to-day.

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BOOKS ABROAD

MONEY: GOLD, SILVER, AND PAPER. *By Francis W. Hirst. London: Scribner's. 1933. 7s. 6d.*

(Professor Frederick Soddy in *New Britain*, London)

THE book under review on money is of a type which, even as the song of the nightingale, ought to reconcile us with death, that great friend of humanity without whom no progress is possible. Our universities, stereotyped and centuries behind the times in their main curricula of studies, however manage pretty well to defeat him. They nourish the growing intelligences of our youth on pontifically selected 'authorities' as out of date as Aristotle, and on the histories and philosophies of primitive peoples decked out to appear fine and great by the poet. So are our future rulers and mentors let out on a long-suffering world, blinded for life to what is going on under their very eyes.

As a readable, erudite, and scholarly presentation of the subject of numismatics Mr. F. W. Hirst's *Money: Gold, Silver, and Paper* is worthy of its distinguished author. He sustains our interest with his descriptions of the origins of coins, the improving methods of their manufacture, their requisites and those to be demanded of the coinage metals, and the importance of their being neither too big and heavy nor too small and light. There is also an intoxicating chapter on wampum and the early currencies of North America. We share his indignation at the wickedness of sweaters, clippers, cullers, and counterfeiters and agree with him as to the rightness of the severe penalties, including the death penalty, imposed on those who usurp the prerogative of the Crown, and the madness of nations that allow their currency to become the means of enriching beyond the dreams of avarice those who manipulate it. But oh, for another Great Plague and Fire of London! It is all about the petty criminals who falsify the money that is of gold and silver and paper.

To people interested in the modern world and to the readers of *New Britain*, a better title for this book would have been *Money for Mugs*. For what does the whole of such tangible money in its power for good or evil amount to in comparison with the physically nonexistent money owed to the owner and created by means of the check system by private mints, which, to escape the death penalty, still call themselves banks?

We are given a full, if not very laudatory, description of the activities of the Great Khan of China in the thirteenth century, who made his money of the bark of a mulberry tree, but nothing of the achievements of the nineteenth, which dispenses with the bark and not only makes it out of nothing at all—in quantity outrivaling by five- to tenfold even the 'astronomical magnitudes' achieved by the old-fashioned printing press—but succeeds actually in extracting perennial interest from it.

To this modern alchemy and perpetual-motion machine combined we can find but a single reference, in the

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footnote on page 219, in the parrotlike repetition of the *ex-cathedra* dictum, 'Checks are not money or currency because they do not pass from hand to hand.' Even the originator of this sophistry admitted that the distinction was a fine one. Difference, if there be one, applies at best only to the exceptional misuse rather than to the normal use of the check as money.

It is true that in the wampum chapter there are premonitory warnings about the confusions between the theory, practice, proper objects, and uses of paper currency and of banking and credit. These 'fallacies'—evidently too elusive to explain to the vulgar or else so obvious that only cranks and the like need the explanation—have been disastrous alike in the New and Old Worlds right down to our own days. They are ignored by those, we read, who, ignorant of the teachings of Ricardo (a banker), declare that unemployment can be banished and that wealth can be distributed equitably 'by printing unlimited amounts of paper money or by granting unlimited amounts of credits through the banks to all and sundry.' Usually both. Evidently too much learning—or is it wampum?—has made our author mad so to seek to misrepresent the doctrines of the new economics. One would have thought Arthur Kitson's sage remark, that it is one thing to give a man dying of thirst a glass of water and another to drown him, should by now have penetrated the thickest hide.

WE READ to the end of the book without any light on these either too elusive or too obvious, but evidently most portentous, fallacies. Though there is a chapter on Bank Money and Paper Money, they are evidently all one to the author, for beyond a repetition of Ricardo as the true prophet, even Adam Smith not being free from confusion, and the sophistry introduced as a footnote already quoted, there is no word of the wonderful invention that has reduced the subject-matter of his book to one of mainly historical interest.

We may sympathize and cordially agree with the author in his preference for the use of silver for tokens and his desire for its rehabilitation as a coinage metal, though the science that extracts it from lead ores has made it so abundant that it is scarcely any longer a precious metal. We may even exceed his mild disgust that, in the wealthiest age the world has ever known, our silver coins have been so debased that they would be less insulting if they were honest pewter, and that the mean and fraudulent economies in the silver coins of our Indian and East African native subjects have brought confusion to these simple peoples and indelible shame to our name. We may carry our enthusiasm for the truth of Gresham's law that bad money invariably drives out good so far as to seek a more up-to-date and crowning example than those cited, and reflect on all the gold dug out of the earth promptly to be reburied in it. Enough, at least, of it might be spared to sheath the dome of St. Paul's as a permanent reminder that we are dying in the golden age.

Here all the stale, partisan arguments against inconvertible paper currencies are monotonously reiterated, arguments, in brief, against drinking for fear of drowning. The glib phrases invented in the City to explain away the periodic disasters

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due to the private minting of money as bank credit—'speculation,' 'overconfidence,' and, in general, the unwisdom, dishonesty, and general incompetence of the industrial, political, and every other world but the financial—are very overworked. On page 167, the instability of gold and silver prices is 'consequent' on the Great War, 'the most tremendous economic catastrophe recorded in history,' but, on page 178, millions were starving in Russia in 1932–3 'owing to the Soviet system.'

Does our author and late editor of the *Economist* maintain that, when the Bank of England, that shining beacon of honor, offered during the War to lend us at 4 per cent the money to subscribe to the 5 per cent War Loan, the money they lent was part of the existing money of the nation? Was it not new money with effects on the price index the same as if it had been newly printed? It is true that, since by the canons of the new alchemy the issues are proportional, five to one, or whatever the new alchemists think safe for them, no *statistical* fault can be found in ignoring, in the effect on the price index, the effect of the fivefold deluge of check money and relating it to the increase of paper money. But what is to be thought of a book which by a sophistry completely ignores the major factor in the rise of prices and puts the whole blame upon the minor factor? It is a piece of special pleading from end to end.

The time is opportune for its appearance. It coincides with the publication of a special Gold Number of *The Times* and the last desperate bid for world power of the humbugs who have been found out.

CRY HAVOC. *By Beverley Nichols. London: Jonathan Cape. 1933. 7s. 6d.*

(Rosita Forbes in the *Daily Herald*, London)

THERE must be a new name for war, writes Beverley Nichols in *Cry Havoc*—a word that trails no clouds of glory; a word without historical associations; a word that expresses not the single combat of champions, the flowering of pennons over shining lances, the chivalry of dead ages, but 'the mass murder of civilians,' 'the universal struggle of all mankind against a common enemy, whose arms are steel and whose breath is a sickly yellow death.'

If any politician dare display a tithe of this author's honesty he will indulge in no more picturesque rhetoric about 'unsheathing the sword.' He will explain that, in the event of war, his government, like every other government, proposes to slaughter the maximum number of helpless non-combatants by means of gases that represent horrors beyond the range of our imagination.

It is generally acknowledged that the battles of the future will be fought, not in trenches, but above the roofs of capital cities where old and young, women and children, the sick and the crippled will be at the mercy of that new science which deals in death unlimited.

In a chapter entitled, 'To Make Your Flesh Creep,' Beverley Nichols describes some of the gases which, loosed in city streets, will transform them into charnel houses, heaped with rotting flesh that has never known a uniform, never carried a weapon, never been trained to self-defense. . . . The producing capacity of one

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American factory alone is 800 tons of poison gas per day.

According to the Chief Research Officer in the United States Chemical Warfare Service, one plane carrying two tons of a liquid of which three drops sprinkled on a man's clothes are sufficient to eat into flesh and bone could cover an area seven miles long by a hundred feet wide, killing every living thing in that area.

Imagine every human being in Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly dissolving, as if in the last stages of leprosy, after the passage of a solitary plane.

Imagine (with Thomas Edison) the whole population of London choked to death in three hours by 'Lewisite,' the most deadly poison gas yet invented.

It would take no more than twenty or thirty aëroplanes to achieve such a holocaust, and, in certain defense-of-London air manœuvres, out of a total of 250 aëroplanes making their sham attack upon a capital prepared and waiting for their arrival 237 (just about ten times the number necessary for the destruction of London's total population) evaded the searchlights and, unharmed by gunfire, accomplished their pseudo-deadly purpose.

Cry Havoc is not a balanced analysis of the causes and effects of war. It is a passionate plea to the ordinary man and the ordinary woman to consider what the next war is going to do to them personally, and not only to them but to hundreds of thousands like them all over the world.

It is sheer common sense after all the nonsense talked about war, for it forces the most conventional reader, whose mind lives in the past, in the glamour of the history books that are still used in our public schools, honestly believing that the soldier Wellington was more important to the world than the scientist Newton, that Cecil Rhodes had a greater effect on the British Empire than Gandhi, and that Hannibal's futile march across the Alps was more important than Lenin's return to Moscow, to realize that future wars will not be fought between armies clearly distinguished by their uniforms.

Cry Havoc is constructive, although, as is the way with desperate sincerity, it is disjointed and at times a trifle incoherent. After realistic demonstration by means of scenes in armament factories and gas plants of what may happen, not in some other distant country, but in this England of ours in the next twenty years, unless patriots realize that their lives are infinitely more profitable to their country than their messy, mutilated, inglorious, and completely useless deaths, the book shows where lie both the canker and the cure.

THE microbes of war are bred by the old-fashioned idea of patriotism, ending not in 'richer soil,' the soil 'which is forever England,' but in nameless hands protruding from the blood and filth of a trench where floats the mask of a nameless face detached from its skull.

'Every man who wishes to serve his country must realize that patriotism is the worst service he can offer it. The time has come when it must be definitely admitted that patriotism is an evil, in every country—that the German patriot is as great a sinner as the English or the American or the Italian.'

The microbes spread. From the

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time a child is given its first box of toy soldiers which imply, 'War is pretty, and brightly colored too; it is happy; it is great fun. It is a game,' to the moment when he parades in the school O. T. C., armed not with a gas-mask, but with a rifle that would be useless to him in the next war when scientific death will disintegrate him, without his having a chance to retaliate, he is moulded into 'just the right material to be asphyxiated, shattered, drowned, or otherwise destroyed.'

Beverley Nichols might have added, 'in some war that will be as purposeless as the last, since it will leave each country poorer and more heavily taxed, with less work for the workers, less comfort for the old and less hope for the young, with nothing but fear of the future and loathing of the past to make up for the life and strength and creative energy, of which there remain only the bitter mockery of war memorials.'

For those men whose names are written in the same materials with the same eulogies in Germany as in England died in vain. They died to end war, but all over the world armament firms are working to invent new death-dealing machines.

Manufacturers don't care to what country they sell them, or against whom they may be used. 'More death —more dividends. More blood—more bonuses! Each shell that screams across the sky' brings more money into the pockets of men who deliberately encourage mass murder '(1) by fomenting war scares, (2) by attempting to bribe government officials, (3) by spreading false reports concerning military and naval programmes of other countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure, (4) by influencing public opinion through control of the press.' (League of Nations Report.)

Cry Havoc is an honest book. Its author confesses that he arrived at Geneva hating his traveling companion (who wore stays) and loathing the Japanese because of their fixed smiles. Yet in Geneva he found, if not an infallible cure, at least a laboratory in which the microbes of war are studied with a view to their extermination.

After reading *Cry Havoc*, most of us will agree with the author that the League 'is so vital a necessity it must survive and gradually grow stronger,' since it is the sole tribute modern man has paid to his fundamental sanity as well as to the unity synonymous with progress.

The conclusion is contained in the author's letter to an imaginary young man who voted for the Oxford motion, 'That this house will not fight for King or Country.' Beverley Nichols has reached what one feels is the logical, even the inevitable, position of pacifism without having seen war.

He has therefore been influenced solely by reason and not by personal experiences. Consequently, he ends a book that will make the masses think and individuals act with the acknowledgment that in certain circumstances he would fight 'in an international army under some commander appointed by the League of Nations.'

Thus he admits to armed force the one right that it can justifiably claim —that of the police who protect any law-abiding person, of whatever nationality, from the depredations of the lawless.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Spengler on Ancient America

THE Ibero-Amerikanische Institut of Berlin has just published a volume of essays written in honor of the seventy-fifth birthday of Professor Ernesto Quesada of the Argentine, who recently presented his library to that organization. The first contribution to the volume comes from the pen of Oswald Spengler, who writes on 'The Age of the American Cultures.' *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest summarizes his case as follows:—

'Spengler points out that people have stopped talking about long periods of time now that there is real proof that human and natural history can be traced back only a few thousand years. Real world history, the history of high cultures, has organized itself only since the comparatively recent date of 3000 B.C. Only since that time has history begun to take form and develop an inner necessity of its own. Only since that time has the mighty force and impetus of history released itself in all its relentless significance. The Greek, Indian, and Chinese cultures all began developing at the same time, in the middle of the second millennium before Christ. A proof of this exists in the war chariots that suddenly appeared at almost exactly the same time in each of these cultures as a superior weapon. The ancient American cultures must be much younger.

'To-day, according to Spengler, it is pure fantasy, indulged in only by dilettantes, to revel in vast stretches of time. To be sure, some learned and half-learned people believe that because primitive people were always praying to the sun, moon, and stars they were constantly building astronomical observatories. It is further assumed that the ancient people lived at a time when the vernal equinox occurred in the zodiac sign of Taurus, that is, a great many thousand years ago. But to-day no sensible people believe that Stonehenge in England was an ancient Teutonic observatory, for, like the cromlechs in Brittany, it is a cemetery dating back to the year 2000 B.C., when there were as yet no Teutons in Britain. And, of course, nobody believes any more that the ancient Babylonians and Chinese developed complete astronomies of their own, since their scientific observations of the heavens were comparatively recent.

'How old, then, are the cultures of America? In the absence of any written account of these cultures and of proof of any definite contact between China and the west coast of America, Spengler points out a remote possibility through which a chronological connection with the well-established history of the Old World may perhaps be attained. This is the existence of cultures with great inner resemblances of form on all the shores of the Pacific Ocean and on its islands. This relationship of form includes everything that can still be compared to-day: architecture,—especially the shapes of the roofs, the religious pillars, and the ornamentation,—sagas and myths, the custom of tattooing,—which has long been recognized as being fundamentally the same in meaning and manner from the East Indies to Peru and Japan,—and finally the kind of ships used for ocean voyages, which obviously all go back to a single basic type.

'It seems to Spengler that at some time or other a "Pacific expansion" must have occurred, since these cultures lack any beginning. Something must have happened, apparently in the southwestern Pacific, that led to this immense expansion along the ocean paths. For, compared to India and China, the island cultures of Polynesia are very young.

'Spengler believes that it is now possible to discover something about the absolute

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age of this extension, which must have occurred at about the same time everywhere, from one of the chief sources of this coastal culture, ancient Japan, whose earliest contacts with the outer world were exclusively with the south and southeast, whereas China knew little about Japan until long after the beginning of the Christian era. The researches of Wedemeyer and others show that the kingdom of Yamato, in the neighborhood of modern Osaka, began to develop at about the time of Christ. Thus early Japanese history would provide a possible clue to chronological comparisons with South America; at least dates would exist before which certain of the cultural forms of Peru could not have existed.

'Another possibility of precise historical comparison rises out of this connection. How did that pressure arise which forced the tribes of these coasts and islands to spread eastward? The history of the ancient states of Java dates back to some unknown event in the year 78 A.D. and must possess some connection with the oversea expeditions from southern India. Indian civilization, during the centuries after Buddha, devoted itself to the conquest of all the non-Aryan Deccan, and after that great military expeditions were dispatched to Farther India and the outlying islands. Evidence of these conquests exists in the historical consciousness of later periods of Java in the form of Buddhist, Brahman, and perhaps "heathen" Dravidian missions that led to the establishment of the mighty Javan Empire and the huge temples that it raised.

'How far did this expansion spread eastward? Indian myths can be discovered, Dravidian rather than Aryan, far into Polynesia, as well as customs, ornaments, weapons, and perhaps words of Indian origin, just as Portuguese words, the last relics of a former world empire, still appear in many of the languages of southeastern Asia. Did Polynesian ship construction perhaps originate under Asiatic influences? Spengler seems convinced that it owed its existence to some foreign disturbance and that everything that the Spanish conquerors of Peru and Polynesia and that the English since Captain Cook's time observed were the last remains of a fallen culture. The outlines of the Polynesian boats bear an unmistakable resemblance to the forms of the bronze drums of southern China and Annam, which date back to the first few centuries after the birth of Christ.

'If all this can be proved correct, Spengler considers that we have a means of discovering some kind of chronological base for the old cultures of Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, and therefore we may perhaps be able to arrange these cultural layers in some historic order. But in any case it would seem clear that in these countries as well as in Mexico the real development occurred within the period of a thousand years and belongs essentially to the first thousand years after the birth of Christ.'

South America Looks at Edschmid

OUR 'Books Abroad' department contained last month a review from the *Nouvelle Revue Française* of Kasimir Edschmid's new book, *Deutsches Schicksal*, which seems to find more favor in France than in South America, where its action occurs. The *South Pacific Mail* of Valparaiso, Chile, quotes from another review of the same book that appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* of London and then adds this comment of its own, which makes an equally interesting postscript to the review we have published:—

'Of the making of books about South America there is no limit, but to the end of time we may hope in vain for people in the Old World, or in the United States for that matter, to learn the plain truth, that life in South America is just the same as it is everywhere else, with few saints but still fewer monsters. But Latin America is

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predestined to be romantic, and every visitor expects to see the *caballeros* twanging their guitars under barred windows, while flowers are thrown from shadowed balconies. Such things may be; but plain folk, trying to make a living, see nothing of them, and view revolutions with the disgust engendered by familiarity.

'A popular British novelist insults the Chilean navy, quite unaware, to all appearance, of the many millions which that navy has contributed of late years to keep work going in British shipyards. Herr Edschmid plants his six picturesque ruffians on South American soil and expects plain people to shed a tear over the fate of the unmitigated nuisances! Rosita Forbes stuffs British audiences with absurdities the bare recital of which makes one wonder where she lost her sense of proportion.

'Should these lines be read abroad, I should like the reader to get this fact clearly into his head. South Americans are exactly like Europeans or North Americans, not necessarily in their idiosyncrasies but in their habits. They use safety razors; they avoid draughts, but catch influenza; they love their children and their wives; quite a number of them go to church with great regularity, and put the equivalent of one penny in the plate. They "have a bit on" at the races; they "go to the pictures"; they play golf and go mad over football; they sing patriotic songs and dodge their income tax. They subscribe liberally to every good object, grumbling furiously. They believe what they read in the newspapers, but would not dream of admitting it. In fact, as I said before, they are exactly like everybody else, and the novelists and "travelers" are a lot of humbugs.'

A New British Humorist

WHEN Leo J. Maxse died a year ago last winter, one of the most consistently entertaining journalists in England disappeared. Every month for forty years his editorial notes in the *National Review* had castigated Americans, Germans, Irishmen, and Indians—indeed, he belabored every foreigner who succumbed to the same patriotic fervor that he himself glorified in Englishmen. Readers of Max Beerbohm's *A Variety of Things* will find the Maxse type reproduced to the life in a little essay entitled 'T. Fenning Dodworth,' and as they read they will feel that the world is a sadder place now that it breeds no more of that kind. But readers of the *Saturday Review* will take heart, for there has lately appeared in its columns, with increasing frequency, the writings of one who may lack some of Maxse's literary grace but who shares most of his Quixotic passions. And the fact that the contributor in question is a woman only adds to the humor of the situation.

Her name is Lady Houston—Lucy Houston—or, as she modestly signs herself, 'Truthsayer.' The *Week-end Review*, in its department entitled 'This England,' which corresponds to Mencken's 'Americana' in the *American Mercury*, recently quoted Lady Houston as offering this solution for the Indian problem:—

'If there is anyone who knows anything about India—that person is Mr. Rudyard Kipling, but has his advice been asked about this most momentous question? I trow not—and yet Rudyard Kipling was born in India—brought up in India—mixed with the peoples of India and knows their character from A to Z. In him we have a man to whom the whole world bows down as a genius of wisdom on Indian affairs—and not one of the several Viceroys the Government are so fond of trotting out as White Paper men could hesitate to acknowledge him as their Master on anything to do with India, and remember, Mr. Kipling is Mr. Baldwin's cousin.'

But the Government's failure to make use of Mr. Kipling's talents as a moderator did not discourage the noble Lady. Already, perhaps suspecting un-Imperial

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conduct on the part of a Cabinet that contains such friends of Indian independence as Neville Chamberlain, Lady Houston had financed an airplane flight over Mount Everest and was therefore invited to a luncheon in honor of the flyers given by Major J. J. Astor, proprietor of the London *Times*, which had exclusive rights to the photographs of the trip. But Lady Houston was prevented by illness from attending and therefore said she would be glad to send a message to be read, to which Major Astor replied, 'You were good enough to say that you would like to send a message for me to read at the luncheon.' The message, entitled 'Why I Financed the Houston Mount Everest Expedition,' opened with this friendly passage:—

'My reason was this—a relation of mine had just come from India and three days after she left—her nearest neighbor was murdered. This sort of thing I was told is—alas—not unusual now in India. I asked "Why?"—and the answer I got was—that since agitators had been permitted to preach treason it has made the people of India think that we Britons have lost our courage—and that they had better therefore stand in with these others. This made me feel that some great deed of heroism might rouse India and make them remember that though they are of a different Race—they are British Subjects—under the King of England—who is Emperor of India—*and what more can they want?*'

Now Major Astor, being a different kind of Imperialist from Lady Houston, evidently did not believe that these words would add to the prestige of Great Britain in India and therefore did not read them, but wrote her this note:—

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

It gives me the greatest pleasure to send you *The Times* commemorative medal of the Houston Mount Everest Flight Expedition. I feel sure that you will be pleased to hear that my references to your generosity and your message, as well as the tributes paid you by Air Commodore Fellowes and Lord Clydesdale, were very warmly received.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN J. ASTOR

As Lady Houston said, 'This letter was an insult'—and the fireworks began. The next day her statement appeared complete in the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Sketch*, and the *Morning Post*—having been hastily dispatched to all of them by its authoress. But *The Times* still kept silent, and Lady Houston wrote to the Major again:—

'I am sometimes very simple for I foolishly imagined that you—the Proprietor of *The Times* newspaper—would be a gentleman—and a man of honor—but had I known you better—I could have given my message to one of my friends to read out—several of whom were at the Luncheon—for naturally everybody at the Luncheon would have liked to hear why I financed this Great Adventure—instead of being told by you an entirely different reason from the one I gave.'

The dispute is too long and boring to follow in all its intricacies, but after Major Astor had been called a cad and told—by this lover of truth—that the circulation of his newspaper had doubled and trebled because of its news of the expedition, he ceased firing and left Lady Houston in sole possession of the field. The wonder is that he held out as long as he did—for, as his opponent wrote to him, 'I am really rather sorry for you—for men much cleverer than you—have failed to prove me wrong—simply because my text is always THE TRUTH—and therefore unassailable.'

The dashes, the capital letters, and the italics in all the passages are the Lady's own.

HYPNOTIST HANUSSEN

ERIK JAN HANUSSEN was one of the most striking characters that latter-day Germany brought forth. Born Herschel Steinschneider and son of the doorkeeper

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of the synagogue in a Galician village, at an early age he seduced the daughter of the leader of the Jewish community and had to skip town in consequence. He joined a circus as a sword swallower and later turned up in Vienna, where he attained notoriety in the post-war confusion as a quack doctor and hypnotist under the name of Erik Jan Hanussen. He moved on to Prague, became involved in a blackmail suit, and fled to Berlin shortly after the inflation. He again went in for blackmail and presently joined the Nazis to protect himself. He met the Nazi novelist, Hanns Ewers, who introduced him to Hitler, whose horoscope he told, and from then on his rise was rapid. Setting himself up as a prophet and hypnotist, he acquired a magnificent apartment, a luxurious yacht, and a retinue of beautiful women. He appeared on the stages of music halls in a mental-telepathy act and was a featured performer in Paris. Hitler consulted him frequently, and he became an intimate friend of many of the leaders of the Third Reich.

But his attempt to become the Rasputin of Germany ended disastrously. Having smuggled out of the country photographs of some revels in his own salon attended by Crown Prince August Wilhelm and Count Helldorf, organizer of the Berlin storm troops, he believed that he could blackmail the Nazi leaders into giving him a free hand. He organized a private terror of his own and went about beating up Jews as violently as if he were not an Israelite himself. He also attempted to filch 60,000 marks from the coffers of the *Berliner Tageblatt* when that paper was being transformed from an organ of international high finance into the usual Nazi mouthpiece. It was at this point that Hanussen's enemies within the party destroyed him. One evening as he was about to put on his mental-telepathy act in the largest music hall in Berlin he was called for by a group of storm troopers who said that Hitler wanted to see him. He left in his red Cadillac limousine and five days later his dead body was found in a Potsdam forest with five bullets in it.

In an article that he wrote two years before his sudden end he explained how people can judge whether they would make better mediums or hypnotists. According to Hanussen not more than one person in a thousand can become a successful hypnotist, and he devised seven tests to which he subjected all applicants. The first three tests require photographs and playing cards but the last four can be reproduced here. This is the way they go:—

Quickly choose a number between one and ten.

Question: What number have you chosen?

Reply: You have chosen seven. That gives you three points as a medium. If you have chosen eight that gives you three points as a hypnotist. Six, five, and four would give you five points as a hypnotist, and nine, eight points.

Think of a geometric figure.

Question: What figure have you thought of?

Reply: You have thought of a triangle. That gives you three points as a medium. A circle gives you one point as a medium. A square or a parallelogram gives you three points as a hypnotist. Any other figure gives you five points as a hypnotist.

Think of a color.

Question: What color have you thought of?

Reply: You have thought of red. That is a sign of great suggestibility and gives you five points as a medium. Green gives you one point as a medium, black one point as a hypnotist, white five points as a hypnotist, blue one point as a hypnotist, violet, rose, and all other composite colors give you ten points as a hypnotist.

Get up at once.

Question: Did you get up?

Reply: If you really got up you are a medium, *ne plus ultra*. It gives you twenty points. If you did not get up and did not even make an instinctive move, that gives you twenty points as a hypnotist.

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

TEXTILE manufacturing difficulties between England, India, and Japan, commented upon editorially in last month's issue, are further illuminated by recent dispatches to the London *Times Trade and Engineering Supplement*. According to Mr. Sasakura, managing director of one of the very successful Japanese textile mills operating in Bombay, the present cotton situation in India is largely due to a 20 per cent increase in production during the past year and a 58 per cent increase in imported cloth, amounting to an excess of 500,000,000 yards, or 10 per cent of the total consuming capacity of India alone. Dwelling on some of the technical reasons for this state of affairs, Mr. Sasakura, in a talk before the Bombay European Textile Association, pointed out that Bombay mills were paying, in spindle charges per day, about double the Japanese rate for spinning, and for weaving about treble. Furthermore, the cost of production in Bombay was very high because of high taxes and excessive charges for labor and power. The *Times* states:—

> There was also a big difference in the efficiency of the work people. It required nineteen hands in Bombay mills for a bale, as against eleven in Japan; one Japanese weaving girl attended eight looms, while an Indian male weaver generally handled two looms, though recently three or four looms had been in his charge in a few mills. In the Japanese automatic loom shed it was not unusual to see a girl attending forty looms with comfort, and in spinning generally a piecing girl attended 1,200 spindles, against 360 to 400 spindles attended by one person in Bombay.

The bearing of these technological factors on the economic situation in the textile industry is further emphasized by the increasingly serious condition in the English mills. England, possessing 52,000,000 spindles (the highest of any country) is compelled to sell the product of 40,000,000 of them abroad, and to compete against a world total of 160,000,000 spindles, of which over 30,000,000 are in the United States, nearly 8,000,000 in Japan, and 9,500,000 in India—with no country working to full capacity.

It is thus not a little pathetic to read, in another issue of the same journal, that the Manchester Institute for Cotton Research is counting upon an increased use of strong cotton hairs in the production of motor tires, which are thereby given a greater durability.

COAL and power are synonymous terms. Walter H. Voskuil, in his interesting monograph on *Minerals in Modern Industry* published in 1930, estimates the 'relative importance of energy sources,' as of 1928. He gives coal (bituminous, anthracite, and lignite) a rating of 72.8 per cent, followed by oil and natural gas, 18.2 per cent, and water power, 9 per cent. These figures, derived from the United States Bureau of Mines, are very likely to become increasingly weighted in favor of oil, if what is known as the hydrogenation process for the conversion of coal into oil grows more widespread and less costly. England, for instance, where coal supplies are definitely wearing thin, has just decided to stimulate the manufacture of oil and gasoline by this process. As stated by J. L. Garvin elsewhere in this issue, the Prime Minister issued a statement guaranteeing a preferential rate of fourpence a gallon on all light hydrocarbons manufactured in England from home coals, shale, or peat. It is intended that the gigantic corporation, Imperial Chemical Industries, shall take over this work, subjecting the raw materials to hydrogenation in a large plant projected for Billingham at a capital cost of about two and a half million pounds. Initial production will be at the rate of about 30 million gallons of gasoline annually, for which 350,000 metric tons of coal (1932 production came to over 200 million tons) will

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be required. This output will, however, fill scarcely more than one-fortieth of Great Britain's oil requirements, and, large as it is, will require, directly and indirectly, little more than 12,000 men.

THE hydrogenation process was originally developed by one of the most powerful organizations of industrial research in the world, the I. G. Farbenindustrie of Germany. Even with their immense technical and scientific resources, the Germans required five years of preliminary work, followed by another five years of collaboration with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The basic problem was to transform the hydrocarbon content of coal into the liquid form which, as oil, kerosene, gasoline, and many other 'fractions,' was known to be a more efficient fuel—especially with the development of internal-combustion engines for automobiles, ships, etc.

So effective is the hydrogenation process that in some recent tests as much as 80 per cent of bituminous material has been converted into high-grade gasoline. It is also possible to convert the coal into gas and, by successive additions of hydrogen thereto, into synthetic fats, proteins (for food), and dyes. Artificial silk, already known as 'rayon,' may also be made in this way. Thus, as Voskuil remarked, the world's coal reserves become the world's oil reserves—no small matter when it is realized that there are in the neighborhood of eight thousand million metric tons of proved coal reserves at the present time, and only about 25 thousand million barrels of petroleum, of which, in 1932, world consumption amounted to nearly 1,300 million barrels.

ANXIETY and worry over the increasing gap between classical economics and the rapid social change imposed by technology become more vocal and—on the part of the orthodox—more agonizing every day. Sir Arthur Salter, one of the most eminent advocates of sticking to the ills we have, recently noted in the course of his Second Massey Lecture at McGill University (Canada) that since 1850 mechanized farming has displaced 27,000,000 men from agricultural pursuits throughout the world; that in China and India, where industry is comparatively undeveloped, the average income per capita is less than $20 and $40 per year respectively; and that the *output per person* in industry increased in selected countries as follows: Canada, 1923–29, 17 per cent; Sweden, same period, 26 per cent; Great Britain, 1924–29, 11 per cent; United States, 1920–27, 43 per cent. Now it is clear that, if per-capita incomes were to increase in anything like the same proportion, the classical monetary systems would be hard put to it to realize Sir Arthur's liberal ideal, which is 'to give to every man not only material wealth but the leisure and opportunity which he needs to realize the full potentialities of his nature.' But he also confesses that 'at the precise moment when the increased rapidity of technical progress requires greater elasticity and adaptability in the economic system, this system has become less elastic and adaptable.'

This sounds like the old dilemma of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object; the reader may at once conclude that some very drastic changes are in order. But Sir Arthur, a few sentences later, is eager to assure us that we need not replace this demonstrably antiquated 'automatic system . . . by a new and fundamentally different system of centralized and state control.' His solution 'consists in developing appropriate institutions throughout the main spheres of economic and financial activities,' whose purpose is, presumably, to pour upon the troubled waters of *laissez-faire* the oil that enables our turbines and machinery to perform, in the United States at least, over 90 per cent of the productive work.

CONTEMPORARY scientists, engineers, and economists are by no means the first

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to have recognized the profound contradictions developed in society through the impact upon it of scientific research and technical procedures. Read, for example, the following astute analysis of these contradictions as they affect the United States:—

> When Washington lived, the fund of energy at man's disposal had not very sensibly augmented since the fall of Rome. In the eighteenth, as in the fourth century, engineers had at command only animal power and a little wind and water power, to which had been added, at the end of the Middle Ages, a low explosive. There was nothing in the daily life of his age which made the legal and administrative principles that had sufficed for Justinian insufficient for him. Twentieth-century society rests on a basis not different so much in degree as in kind from what has gone before. Through applied science infinite forces have been domesticated, and the action of these . . . upon finite minds has been to create a tension, together with a social acceleration and concentration, not only unparalleled but apparently without limit. Meanwhile, our laws and institutions have remained, in substance, constant. I doubt if we have developed a single important administrative principle that would be novel to Napoleon . . . and I am quite sure that we have no legal principle younger than Justinian.

Discounting the unscientific assumptions of 'infinite forces' and unlimited acceleration, the above could have been written by some living historian with a keen interest in the New Economics. Actually, however, it occurs in a modest volume entitled *Theory of Social Revolution* first published in 1913. Its author was Brooks Adams, brother of the more famous Henry who, a few years later, was to publish that singular and perverse application to history of the second law of thermodynamics known as *The Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*. It is true that Karl Marx had already perceived and, within the limitations imposed by his period and his special dialectic, clearly stated some of the implications of machine production (did he not call for 'a critical history of technology'?), but it is curious to note, in the writings of a very intelligent but fundamentally 'liberal' American historian, a recognition that the old class lines are being radically redrawn as a consequence of *physical*, not political or even orthodox economic forces, and this at a time when nothing seemed more permanent or stable than the capitalist system.

ANOTHER proof of the engineer's deepening interest in that babel of tongues which is economics appeared on the tenth of August, when John Day published *Debt and Production*, by Bassett Jones, Fellow of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, Member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, and Research Associate in Industrial Engineering at Columbia University. It is doubtful if there is to be found anywhere at the present time a more systematic and resolute attempt to present the case for a technical, as contrasted with the traditional philosophic and *a priori* economic approach to social problems. Mr. Jones, a practising engineer of wide experience and of considerable mathematical ability, has spent the better part of twenty years in a close examination of the industrial structure as it exists in the United States. His purpose throughout is to show that orthodox economic concepts,—especially those relating to production, employment, price, debt, and the financial structure,—derived from a complex metaphysic of *value*, have become not only meaningless but definitely obstructive in a society largely operated by quantitative physical factors, as expressed by natural resources and their conversion into goods by power-implemented mechanical equipment. A lengthy 'Introduction,' analyzing the nature of the problem and restating it in terms of exact definition and metrical characteristics, leads up to the definitely mathematical 'Appendix—A Suggested Method for the Analysis of Economic Statistics.'

The very painstaking criticism of what Veblen called the 'price system' will suggest to many readers a connection with the views of Technocracy. In effect, Bassett Jones was for some time in close

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association with Howard Scott's group, and it is reasonable to assume that there was a free interchange of ideas. Curiously enough, however, nowhere in his interesting and provocative volume does Mr. Jones give any credit either to Scott or to Technocracy. This in spite of the fact that he *does* mention Frederick Soddy, whom he criticises for not going far enough in his physical interpretation of wealth—and who referred quite freely to Technocracy in the recent American edition of his *Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt*. If Soddy was mentioned for having 'retreated' (the word is Jones's), it would seem that Technocracy, whatever its defects in method and management, might have been accorded a similar gesture of recognition for not having done so.

Nevertheless, Mr. Jones is to be congratulated on having written a book that will receive the compliment of many sharp attacks from upholders of the still powerful Ptolemaic system of economics, based on value as the *primum mobile* of the social mechanism.

POPULATION trends, discussed in relation to Germany elsewhere in this issue, constitute one of the elements of the authentic 'four-power pact' that controls the development of modern society, the other three being territorial and geographic factors, natural resources, and technological equipment. Not only has Germany become one of the least prolific of European nations, but a similar and in some cases greater decline is in progress elsewhere. Moreover, Germany is very much worried about Poland, Italy, and Russia. The last-named country alone contributed nearly half of the six million annual population increase recorded for Europe as a whole, and the rate of increase for Poland and Italy, taken together, is nearly six times that of Germany. It is, therefore, not strange that Chancellor Hitler's Third Reich should engage in much diplomatic manœuvring over the Polish Corridor, and coquet politically with Stalin and Mussolini.

A contributing factor to Germany's low increase of population is her extreme urbanization, the most pronounced in continental Europe. The moral is that any country which is predominantly agrarian (as Poland) has a natural advantage in respect to population increase. This advantage is being exploited in the Corridor and the Pomorze, where the former Polish minority is giving place to a majority, at the expense of more than one million Germans who have been compelled to seek new homes in a chaotic and much undernourished Fatherland. Small wonder that Dr. Hans Harmsen wrote recently, 'The danger for Germany and Austria is that both face, in the east and south, extremely prolific peoples.'

England, on the other hand, with a population increase per thousand that has declined over 50 per cent in the last ten years (3.5 per thousand in 1931), is not at all disturbed. A numerical increase in 1932 of only 129,889 is looked upon as a good sign even by so decorous a group as the bishops of the established Church. The statistician, A. L. Bowley, comments, without marked anxiety, on the fact that 'at present the number of births is very slightly more than twice the number of marriages,' a trend that must inevitably lead to an absolute decline of population. Other authorities, in effect, predict that the peak of population in England and Wales will be reached by 1940 and that the following generation will witness a decrease of some 5,000,000, or 12 per cent. As for France, the extremely low rate of births over deaths of 1.5 per thousand inhabitants is disturbing chiefly from the military and political point of view; the Little Entente is simply an artifice to step up France's available man power in case of war. It is known that by 1935 the low birth-rate during the last war will show its much dreaded consequence in a shortage of men of military age.

—HAROLD WARD

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COMING EVENTS

Argentine

BUENOS AIRES. September 21–October 21, National Salon of Beaux Arts.

Austria

FÜRSTENFELD. September 23–30, Seven-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city.

INNSBRUCK. September 30–October 8, Autumn Fair.

VIENNA. October 14–November 1, Autumn Racing.

Belgium

BRUSSELS. September 23–October 8, Food Exposition.

LIÉGE. September 1–15, Commercial Fair.

SAINT-HUBERT. November 3, Celebration of Saint Hubert's Day.

Brazil

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 15, Founding of the Republic Day.

Chile

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 18, Independence Day.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 10, Festival commemorating the founding of the Republic.

Egypt

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 9, Festival commemorating the accession to the throne of His Majesty Fuad I.

England

BATH. September 19, Autumn Open Bow Meeting; *November 1–2,* Chrysanthemum Show.

BLACKPOOL. September 23–October 23, Festival of Light; *November 13–18,* Dramatic Festival.

CHELTENHAM. November 15–16, Steeplechase Meeting.

LICHFIELD. September 19, Celebration of Dr. Johnson's Birthday.

LONDON. September 15–16, Flower Show at New Horticultural Hall; *16–22,* Grocers' and Allied Trades' Exhibition; *25–29,* International Chemists' Exhibition; *October 2–6,* International Shoe and Leather Fair; *12–21,* Motor Show; *18–November 3,* Brewers' and Allied Trades' Exhibition; *24–25,* Orchid Flower Show; *December 5,* Rugby Football: Oxford *v.* Cambridge.

NORTHAMPTON. September 19, Ram Fair and Cheese Fair.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES. October 18–20, Yarn Fair.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. October 12, Mop Fair.

YARMOUTH. September 20–21, Racing.

France

DIJON. November 4–19, Gastronomic Fair.

LE FAOUËT. October 1, Breton Fair.

MARSEILLE. September 16–October 1, Ninth Mediterranean and Colonial Fair; *October 1,* Automobile Race: Grand Prix de Provence.

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL. September 29, Pilgrimage.

MORLAIX. September 17, Breton Fair.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL. October 17, Grand Pilgrimage: Anniversary of Sainte Marguerite Marie.

PARIS. September 1–15, Wireless Exposition; *October 1–15,* International Photography Exposition; *November 1,* Autumn Salon of Painting.

SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. October 21–22, Pilgrimage; Provincial Fêtes.

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GERMANY

BERLIN. October 1, International Automobile Races.
BREMEN. October 21–30, Ancient Folk Festival.
COLOGNE. September 15, Eighth German Fair of Restaurant and Hotel Keepers.
WEINSBERG. October 1, Autumn Fête.

GREECE

ATHENS. October 1–10, Balkan Athletic Games.
SALONIKA. September 15–21, Eighth Fair of Salonika.

IRELAND

BALLINASLOE. October 2–3, Agricultural Fair.
CURRAGH. September 20–21, Racing, including Irish St. Leger.

ITALY

ASSISI. October 4, Anniversary of the death of Saint Francis of Assisi.
COMO. September 15, International Tennis Tournament.
RAVENNA. September 17, Dante Festival.
SAN REMO. October 6, Chess Tournament.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. September 23, Religious festival.

MEXICO

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. September 15–16, Independence Days.
MEXICO CITY. September 15–16, International Sample Fair.

NORWAY

DRAMMEN. September 24, Motor-cycle races.
FAGERNÄS. September 15–30, Commercial Fair.
OSLO. September 24, Football: Sweden *v.* Norway.

POLAND

LWÓW. September 24–October 2, Autumn Fair.

RUSSIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 7–8, Anniversary of the Proletarian Revolution.

SPAIN

AVILA. September 24, Pilgrimage.
SAN SEBASTIAN. September 18–25, Basque Week.
VALLADOLID. September 18–28, Fair and popular celebrations.

SWITZERLAND

ADELBODEN. September 23–October 4, International Training at the Girl Scouts' Home.
AIGLE. September 24, Horse Racing.
BASEL. September 23, Golf Matches: Grossmann Cup Competition; *September 1–November 12*, Autumn Fair; *October 7*, October Festival of Members of Municipal Theatre at the Sample Fair Hall.
BIENNE. October 7, Industry Show, Sports and Social Events.
GENEVA. September 16–October 31, Industrial Art Exhibition at the Rath Museum; *October 6–15*, International Radio Show; *28–31*, Horse Racing.
LAUSANNE. September 16–17, Aëro Club Annual Sports Meeting: International Balloon Rally; *21–October 11*, Vacation Course in Modern French at the University.
LOCARNO. September 17, Motor Cycle Races; *25*, International Tennis Tournament.
NEUCHÂTEL. October 1, Vintage Festival.

WALES

ABERYSTWYTH. November 13, 20, Hiring Fairs.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

by over a million within the next twenty years. All kinds of conclusions can be drawn from material of this sort, and our special correspondent follows the conventional Nazi train of thought. Our readers, however, may have opinions of their own.

MR. ROOSEVELT would probably not enjoy being hailed by a German Nazi as a kindred spirit, but Hellmuth Magers is writing for domestic consumption. He dwells on the necessity for German-American friendship and gives an excellent analysis of our own slump. His only fear is that Hitler's anti-religious policies may lead to trouble. As we point out in 'The World Over,' one of the few revolutionary features of the Third Reich is its persecution of religion.

MORE and more is being heard in the United States of Major C. H. Douglas and his Social Credit theory. The *New English Weekly* has been advocating his ideas in England, and a new magazine, the *New Democracy*, has just been started in this country to do the same thing over here. We reproduce from *The Listener* a recent radio address by Major Douglas that avoids the technicalities of his plan but gives a clear statement of its underlying postulates to the general public.

OUR good friend, 'Yaffle,' of the *New Leader* evidently shares many of Major Douglas's views and draws some humorous comparisons between the World Power Conference in Stockholm and the World Economic Conference in London. We are featuring this month several expressions of the so-called 'New Economics' and recommend 'Yaffle's' contribution as the most convincing and readable of the lot.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX, author of *Les Conquérants*, published in this country by Harcourt Brace, has written another great novel, *La Condition Humaine*, which appeared serially in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. It deals with the struggle between the Communists and the Nationalists in China, and though Malraux's sympathy for Moscow may antagonize some readers, it is evident that he has written a masterpiece.

KASIMIR EDSCHMID, some of whose books have been suppressed in Germany, reviews another novel about Asia by a young Korean. Edschmid himself has traveled extensively in South America and Europe.

IT IS appropriate that while trouble is breaking out in Cuba—too late, unfortunately for us to include any first-hand reports in this issue—we should be printing a short story about a sugar plantation. In July we translated another story by the same author about Christmas eve in Cuba. This month he describes the visit of a British missionary to the same plantation.

SOME months ago we began to expand our Advisory Council and in this issue we have listed the complete membership to date. The function of the Advisory Council is to provide the editors of THE LIVING AGE with suggestions from the widest possible variety of sources, but there is one thing that binds the whole group together—their interest in the work that THE LIVING AGE has been performing without interruption for nearly ninety years. Now, as always, our essential function is to spread understanding of world affairs by bringing to American readers the cream of the foreign press. Our Advisory Council is at once an indorsement of our past record and a guarantee of future performance.

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